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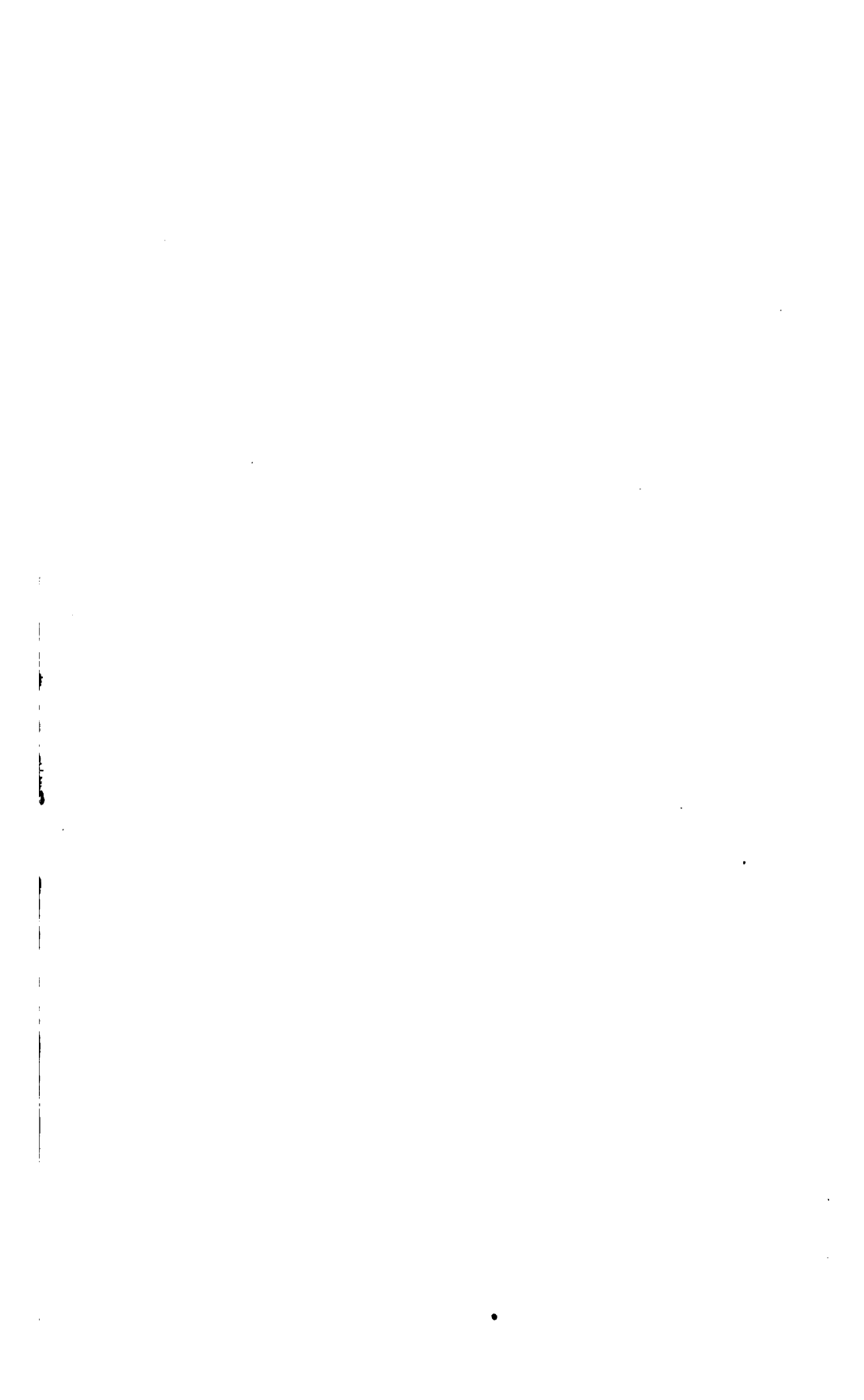
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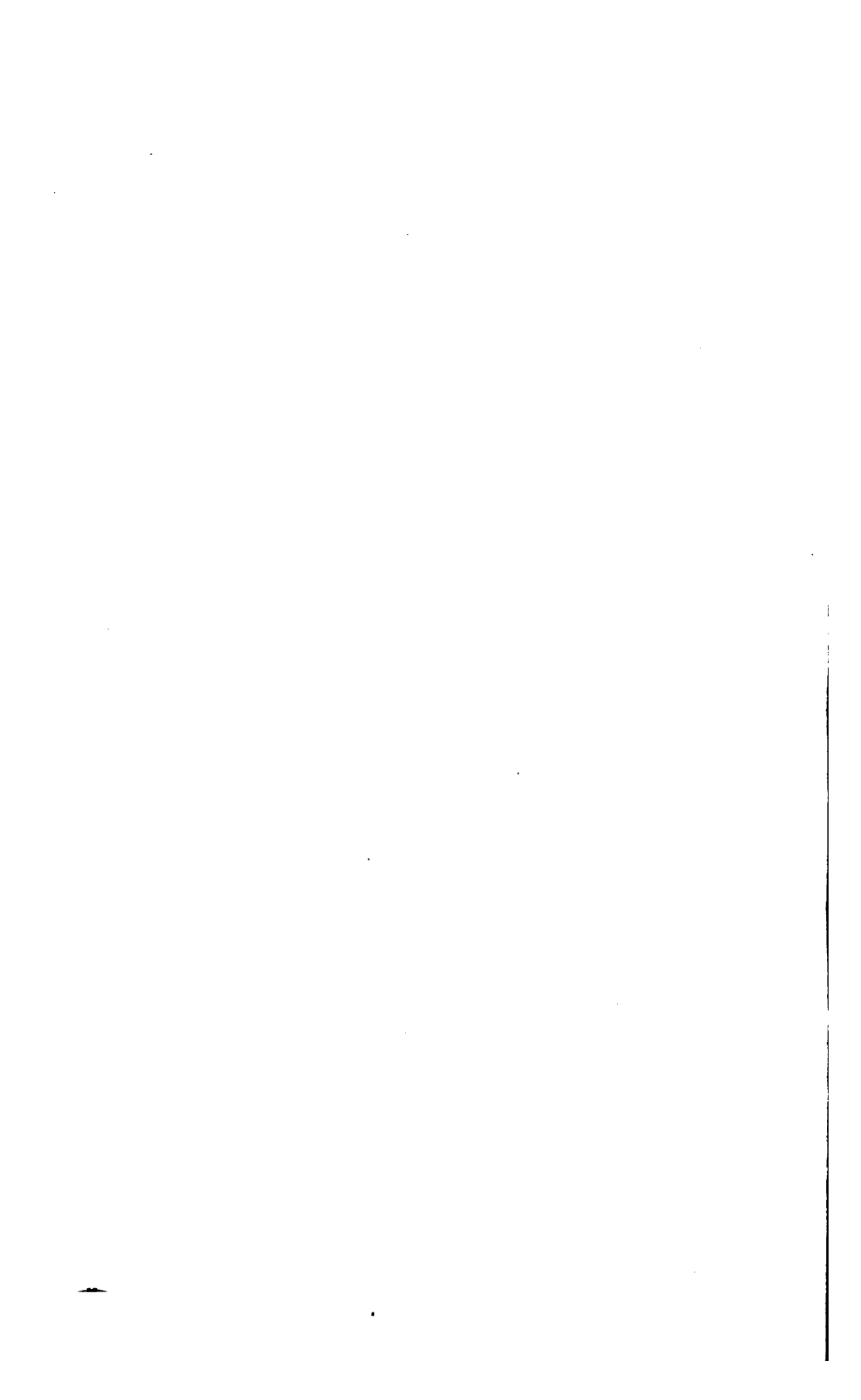
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Ireland

NADB

SCRIBBLEOMANIA;

OR,

The Printer's Devil's Polichronicon.

A SUBLIME POEM.

EDITED

BY ANSER PEN-DRAG-ON, ESQ.

William Henry Ireland



Anabilis insania et mentis gratissimus error.

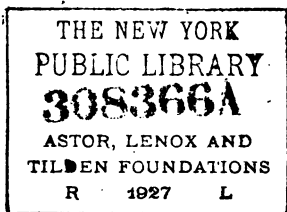
HORACE.

LONDON:

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T. DAVISON, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.

DEDICATION.

*To that most enlightened Phalanx, the Reviewers
of Great Britain, greeting.*

GENTLEMEN,

UNLIKE the herd of venal writers, who prostitute their wits in order to ensure those panegyrics which are not their due, I thus present myself before ye, fully determined to advance nothing but the naked truth; for what class of literary men exists so immaculate as yourselves? Were I to place the smallest reliance upon those acrimonious and vilifying epithets which are incessantly bestowed upon you, I should then deem it necessary to cast the sop to Cerberus, by forwarding a copy of this production *gratis* to every scribe among you.

But feeling conscious that the *perfectibility* of your *judgments* can only be equalled by the *disinterestedness* of your *monthly criticisms*, I shall fearlessly commit myself to the ordeal of such *uniform gentleness, candour, and undeviating honour*, a string of terms in every respect synonymous with your inquisitorial avocations.

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

with all becoming deference,

your most obediently devoted,

and very humble servant,

THE EDITOR.

APOLOGY FOR A PREFACE.

SAMPSON slew his thousands with the jawbone of an ass: then wherefore should not I perform similar exploits with the quill of a goose? The beast, in *propria persona*, is no more terrific than the bird, and the bone was as harmless as the feather, till wielded in the grasp of that redoubted champion of the Israelites. Philistines, therefore, (I would say scribes), it is at ye I point the lance unbated by the poison of envy, nor barbed with the thorn of individual malice; for, believe me, I am as inimical to the premeditated cruelty of the one as superior to the dastardly meanness of the other.

I am well aware that the contents of the following pages will not prove palatable to many readers; and, perhaps, there are but few writers who would

thus dare, *en masse*, a legion of individuals in many respects gifted with far superior talents to those of the person who has devoted his labours to the completion of this Herculean undertaking.

As I do not pretend to arrogate to myself perfectibility in a literary sense, I have, no doubt, in some instances, been guilty of error; and whenever such failing may appear to the disparagement of mental worth, I must certainly take shame to myself for a most unpardonable want of discernment; but, on the other hand, if it shall be found that I have committed to paper the language of approval, where a contrary stricture was required, I can only assert, that a lack of acumen upon my part will be amply compensated for when it is remembered, that

‘Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.’

Every walk of literature possesses its determined advocates; but there is no branch springing from

the main stock which has so many ramifications, and is consequently attended by such a host of admirers, as the class of writers denominated poets; therefore, when once a son of the Muse has enchanted with the strain of his lyre, the entrancing charm, like that of the basilisk, inebriates the senses of the reader, and from that moment he conceives it impossible that any mediocre performance can depreciate the sublimity of the scribe: it is an absolute assurance of the validity of this statement which first impelled the writer to attempt the subject matter of the ensuing pages, which are only offered as a corrective dose to curb that mental effervescence which, running wild from the track of sober judgment, receives, with indiscriminate plaudit, the flights of legitimate talent, and the bastard ebullitions of rant and bathos.

As I have been sufficiently explicit in the progress of my pages, it would be superfluous to descant further upon this topic; a long preface to a reader is like a monotonous and undeviating

route to the traveller, who, anxious to arrive at the termination of his journey, beholds the object constantly in *vista* without seeming to approximate towards the desired goal. In order, therefore, to escape this charge, which is too frequently, and with justice alleged against the sons and daughters of literature, I shall, though arrogantly, conclude by stating, that

Good wine needs no bouche.

Scribbleomania.

INTRODUCTORY LINES.

Tros, Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

Virgil.

I pay no attention to persons; all shall be treated by me without distinction.

WELL mounted I come from the stream of Parnass,
My palfrey a long-ear'd and well-curried ass;
While arm'd with a quill, and the dear ebon juice,
Precedes me with ink-horn the sage waddling goose,
Whose quacking you'll own is the very repeater
Of my famous Muse when engaged upon metre.

Yet, soft ! shall I dare, a presumptuous elf,
Thus claim all the quills of a goose to myself ?
Forbid it, Ma'am Candour, its quackings belong
To crowds that like me claim the Bays for the
Song ;

Since *furor scribendi* now rages so wide,
That rhymsters may waddle with geese side by
side :

But in proof of the prowess my wit can infuse,
And stamp myself truly a son of the Muse,
Though loudly the Bards all against me may halloo,
I rank with the Nine a true chip of Apollo ;
And my name when you hear it must make a great
splash,

I'm christ'n'd *Sir Noodle O'Scribblecumdash*.

Some writers there are, who possessing no fame,
Would snatch from my temples the Laurel I claim ;
Who dare, without reading, all subjects critique,
Whether Metre or Prose, Hebrew, Latin, or Greek ;
But vers'd in all topics I'm fram'd for my station,
The Giant Reviewer of England's great Nation !

My noddle with erudite lore arm'd quite thorough,
Defying *Reviewers* of fam'd *Edinborough*; (a)
Who, staunch as their itch, send each Author to pot,
That cannot proclaim he's by birth a true *Scot*.
With feelings more candid I 'gin my career,
And judge, without prejudice, peasant and peer;

(a) There is no need to cross the Tweed in order to prove the illiberality of the reviewers of literature, as the metropolis of England teems every month with specimens of the grossest injustice, couched under assurances of the most *scrupulous disinterestedness* on the part of the *editors*, who are biassed by public opinion; not to lay any stress upon private pique, which has too frequently instigated their proceedings. One instance, however, the writer has to record, as coming directly under his cognizance, of a literary character, who, while in the practice of affixing his name to the title-page of his productions, was uniformly handled in the most illiberal manner; whereas, no sooner had he adopted the expedient of annexing a *false signature*, than several of these conscientious censors of literature, who would not have allowed this author the smallest share of praise had his name been rendered public, were themselves the most conspicuous in blazoning forth his productions, as being characterised by every requisite that could render them worthy the patronage of the public.

The fine vellum, wire-wove, broad margin, hot-pressed,

With *Bulmer* and *Ballantine's* types choicely dress'd ;

Not plates with vignettes can my acumen blind,
And make me commend where I cannot trace
mind :

So if *Smithfield's Long Lane* e'er should pathos produce,

I'd praise whity-brown, and consign to a use
Which here can't be mention'd the hot-press'd that bore

Of title and fortune the dull leaden lore.

I envy no talent in poor or in great,

I laud or condemn void of spleen or of hate ;

For genius I search, truly fir'd in the cause,

And merit, when found, shall ensure my applause ;

While upstarts, that dare load the press with their trash,

Shall taste of *Sir Noodle O'Scribble* the lash.

And faith there's of Authors so many found tripping,
Where one merits praise, ninety-nine deserve
whipping; (b)

(b) Notwithstanding the correctness of the above assertion, it is hoped that no young bard will despair of arriving at the summit of Parnassus, be his dawning effusions what they may, when it is remembered that the great *Jonathan Swift* made his debut in the literary world by one of the most wretched odes that could disgrace the votaries of Grub-street: for the truth of which assertion let the following extracts stand recorded.

“ The first of plants, after the thunder-storm and rain,
And thence, with joyful, nimble wing,
Flew dutifully back again.”

“ Who by that, vainly talks of baffling death,
And hopes to lessen life by a transfusion of breath ?”

Again,

“ And seem almost transform'd to water, flame, and air,
So well you answer all phenomenas there.”

If any thing, however, could contribute to the disgrace of

So each back of offender my weapon assails
 Will doubtless exclaim, 'tis a cat with nine tails;
 But if idiots will arrogate Wisdom's array,
 They deserve to be laugh'd at as donkeys that bray:
 Thus having spoke plain to each genius and doodle,
 They know what they have to expect from *Sir*
 Noodle,
 Who now ends his comment with counsel that's
 trite,
Let men learn to read ere they venture to write.
 Since man in his nature cannot control wit,
Poeta, says Ovid, is born and Non fit. (c)

writing such a poem, it is the folly of having addressed it, with a very silly introductory letter, to the writers of the *Athenian Oracle*; a set of people whose conceit in offering to answer all questions, ignorance in giving solutions, and credulity in listening to the grossest falsehoods, is rendered conspicuous throughout the work in question. At the period when the above mentioned ode was written, Swift had attained the age of *twenty-four*.

(c) The following quotation, from a modern author, is inserted, as peculiarly applicable to the above line:

As the grand Mart that issues most trash that
appals

Is close to the Temple of Pray'r, fam'd *Saint Paul's*;

"To ye, all Authors' known propellers,
I tune my lays, renown'd Booksellers!
Ye, from whose spacious shops doth issue
Of printed nonsense ev'ry tissue;
'Tis you yield foreigners' oblations,
By patronizing dull Translations;
With eagerness strive to ensure
The marv'llous Travel—vapid Tour:
Nor let me here discountenance
The choicest food, yclep'd Romance;
Or Novel, which the damsel fetters,
So it be not compos'd in letters:
These are your glories, volume venders,
My literary trash defenders,
So calculated to dissect,
And knock down stable intellect;
Wherefore ye give as much delight
As those who print, and such as write.
In consequence of which, dear asses,
I see no difference in your classes;
But hold, downright, that you all three
Are rank'd of Zany's company."

Lo ! I on the gold ball aloft take my stand,
To view all the scribbling tribe of our land ;
And as I my comments thus chaunt from above,
I scorn Folly's anger, revere Wisdom's love ;
With *Swift* I must cry, may it e'er be my fate,
By fools to be hated as Folly I hate.

Good Lord, from this summit what tribes meet my
view !

Of asses, how many ! of wise men, how few !
The friend of *Religion* by dulness inspir'd ;
The *Methodist Ranter* with blasphemy fir'd ;
The *Moralist* tame on the virtues he handles ;
The *Politic Wight* penning trash to light candles ;
Historian with mind just obscur'd in a mist,
As dense as his brother dull *Topographist*.
Next *Surgeons* and *Doctors* prescribe horrid lotion ;
The *Satyrist* puts gaping feeling in motion ;
Biographer comes to assume leaden station,
And wretched pretenders to new *Education* ;

With whom *Commentators* may well assume place,
 And grave *Antiquarians*, a maniac race.
 Next follow the *Poets* ; my stars, what a number !
Romancers and *Novelists*, Folly's true lumber ;
 The stay at-home writers of *Travels* and *Tours*,
 Of snug chimney corners renown'd connoisseurs ;
 While *Dramatists* vapid alike join the band,
 And *Musical Doctors* that dance hand in hand.
 To these let us add the poor drudge, *Pamphleteer*,
Periodical Writers that sot over beer,
 The Scribes *Miscellaneous*, but mere hodge-podge
 rakers,
 Great *Lexicographers* and *Catalogue-makers* :
 In fine, the amalgama serves as a mark,
 To point out the tenants of Noah's great ark ;
 Since by all that is holy, with beast and with bird
 You'll find as good company I'll pledge my word. (d)
 The Greeks and the Romans had Poets we know,
 Who felt of Apollo the exquisite glow ;

(d) Difficile est satiram non scribere. *Juvenal.*

Such is the situation of things, that it is difficult to avoid writing
 satire.

An *Homer*, with *Hesiod* and *Pindar*, combine
 The soul-thrilling flights of a Fancy divine ;
 While *Horace* and *Virgil*, with *Ovid*, proclaim
 The genius that blazon'd the old Roman name :
 But of *Data* more recent, our England has shown
 That talent adorn'd once Britannia's bright zone.
 For imag'ry *Spenser* (e) ranks first 'midst the band ;
 A *Shakespeare* and *Milton* illumin'd the land ;

(e) With all due deference to Sir Noodle's perspicuity, I conceive that he has not done justice to the republic of letters in Great Britain, by placing *Spenser* as the leading star in our literary hemisphere. Though the phraseology be uncouth, nevertheless every thing is due to the lucubrations of venerable *Chaucer*. The sweetness of *Lord Surry*, who infused the tenderness of *Petrarch* throughout his sonnets, must always confer honour upon the age when his effusions met publicity. Nor be the name of *Sir Thomas More* forgotten, who, for energy and perspicuousness of style, is not inferior to any subsequent writer whatsoever; and whose great abilities are summed up in the following words by *Burnet*, in his *Specimens of English Prose Writers*, vol. i. p. 394.

" Sir Thomas More is justly regarded as one of the chief
 " revivers of classical literature in England. He both wrote

As satirist, *Butler* unique is enroll'd ;
In *Dryden*, the Poet sublime we behold :
To these join a *Thomson*, and high-finish'd *Pope* ;
In science, give *Bacon*, *Locke*, *Newton* full scope ;
For style chaste and easy, note *Addison*, *Steele*,
With *Goldsmith*, whose pathos makes ev'ry breast
feel ;

While to these might be added an host worthy praise,
Deserving the loudest applause from my lays.

" and spoke Latin with almost the correctness and fluency of
" an ancient Roman ; and with all his theological errors, he
" taught that erudition which civilized his country. He is
" scarcely less conspicuous as an improver of his native tongue.
" His language is more studied, more appropriate and correct,
" is more the phraseology of a man of learning and sense, than
" any specimen which preceded him. From his proficiency in
" the Greek and Latin, he was enabled to transfuse into his
" vernacular dialect many of the excellencies which characterise
" those admirable languages ; and his style abounds with inver-
" sions and other peculiarities of classical diction. His English
" works were considered as standards of style, as low down as
" the reign of James the first."

Such once were the Suns that shone forth in our
sphere ;

Reverse now the scene, and let moderns appear.

Too pompous to study, thro' thick and thro' thin

They dash on, the bright wreath of verdure to win ;

Disdaining, at all times, to think or reflect ;

Too proud to re-read, to re-write, or correct :

As if, when composing, perfection was in 'em,

And Phoebus himself was determin'd to win 'em.

In fine, the press teems with such trash in each
quarter,

One would think all the world quaff'd Parnassus's
water ; (f)

(f) But if you'd have me now expose

Th' ingredients which a work compose,

And all the hodge-podge designate

Which modern scribes amalgamate,

For grand induction they must boast,

Sheer impudence to rule the roast ;

They should have flippant readings—*tantum* ;

Of anecdotes and tales a *quantum* ;

I mean dirty puddle, not oozing from fountain,
But slush from the ditch that's in rear of the moun-
tain.

For as it is said, when true glory impels,
The loud tongue of Fame ev'ry noble deed tells ;

Just know each famous name classic,
Their study being all on tick:
They must aloud have publish'd banns
To tenets wedded of Germans;
Philosophy just fram'd to quell
Satan, and make of Heav'n an Hell:
These, with a flow of words high sounding,
Descriptions every where abounding,
A vain attempt at being witty,
A flim-flam Tale to call forth pity,
A spice of sentiment and moral,
To 'lure church-goers as with coral,
To heav'n some few apostrophes
That men may think they're oft on knees ;
Then add fine paper, choice engravings:
Of studious fools they thus lull cravings ;
And when perus'd, the leaves can't fail
To do kind office for the tail."

But that when, *vice versa*, the act's only base,
She blows second trump from a contrary place :
So Poets, who taste of the pure limpid stream,
Are warm'd by the radiance of Phoebus's beam ;
While rhymsters, divested of merit, must drink
Of liquid quite stagnant, that laves ditches brink.
Thus, to prove of the former how scant is the list,
While of those lastly mentioned how many exist,
Was the cause why this greatest of writers 'mongst
men,

Sir Noodle O'Scribblecumdash, took the pen ;
Whose erudite notes to my care Fate consign'd,
A pocket-book fill'd with wit, learning, and mind :—
But perhaps 'twere as well, with a trifling digression,
To state of this relic how I got possession.
As I long aim'd to rank Apollonian nibbler,
And thus share the fate of each quill-driving
scribbler,

I dwell in back garret just six stories high,
While opposite lattice, in lieu of the sky,
A huge stack of chimneys obscures the day's light,
And Sol's poorest blaze never gladdens my sight :

From this you may guess I am not over wealthy ;
However, my abstinence keeps me quite healthy :
For if once in the week I procure boil'd or roast,
O'er his Turtle no Citizen louder can boast.
As for wine or strong spirits to make Fancy free,
The chandler's shop beer is Nepenthe to me :
In short, with Tub-cynic I well may compare,
Though he enjoy'd more, for he saw the Sun's glare.
I've said once a week it perchance proves my lot
To regale upon roast meat, or boil'd from the pot ;
But when no such banquet my longing eye sees,
I rank *Epicurus* o'er Gloucester's thin cheese,
Which by penny's worth I from the chandler's shop
bear,
Since hunger's a sauce, sir, that beggars compare.
So it chanc'd as I sped on this errand one day,
Of paper a pile on the counter there lay,
Which by weight had been purchas'd, brown sugar
to fold,
Tea, soap, butter, cheese, starch, blue, dip or choice
mould :

Thus, waiting my turn to be serv'd, I conn'd o'er,
 Of paper consign'd to such use, the old store ;
 When, dusty, at length from the heap forth I took
Sir Noodle's choice labours, that blazon this book ;
 Which the vender of sundries, to science quite blind,
 For *Two-pence*, mine *All*, to my hand straight con-
 sign'd.

Thus, *Copyright* mine, let the Trade frown, I scoff it ;
 The Publishers, d—n 'em, shall not filch the profit ;
 Since, gluttons for pelf, they will never knock under ;
 A phalanx of Harpies, intent upon plunder ;
 Just deaf to the wailings of genius and merit, (*g*)
 As mentally 'reft of one germ of true spirit :
 A race which no venom can too much bespatter ;
 Whose deeds deserve lash of the most poignant
 satire :

Mere jugglers, subjecting the toils of the press,
 To issue forth nonsense in fine wire-wove dress.

(*g*) The above term is peculiar to many *gentlemen* of the *Trade* who possess no *feeling* for any one but themselves, having the most rooted predilection for the old adage, that *charity begins at home*.

For let them but once, as they wish—*feel their way*,
Obscenity, falsehood, and trash they'll display.

Style—Genius, mere nothings :—since *Dryden* sub-
lime

Might starve with his pathos, while fashion's dull
rhyme

Is palm'd forth, and thus public feeling debas'd ;
Since publishers heed neither judgment nor taste,
Two requisites hackney'd—not worthy a thought
Of moderns ;—with far diff'rent acumen fraught.

To booksellers thus, and the press, we all owe
Of science profound the complete overthrow ;
But such as lack proofs, soon as conn'd are my
pages,

Will find asses rank on a par with the sages ;
So affirms wise *Sir Noodle* ; and who dares deny him ?
If such recreant now lives, I as champion defy him.

THE WRITER TO HIS POETIC BRETHREN.

~~Non Dii, non homines, non concessere columnas~~ *Mediocribus esse poetis*

Non Dii, non homines, non concessere columnas.

Horace.

With poets mediocrity is not allowable, either by gods, or men,
or the pillars which support the shops of the booksellers.

My prelude thus ended, I next, by degrees,
Must enact all the toils of renown'd *Hercules*;
For the theme is so copious of *Scribblecumdash*,
I already feel symptoms bespeaking me rash;
Since to bring in one focus all scribes—I'm less able,
Than to jabber with each tribe of workmen at Babel.
We're told a faint heart will not fair lady win;
Thus I ne'er shall conclude, if I never begin:

Then at it, my Pegasus, here's whip and rein,
Tally ho! Tally ho! dash it bold o'er the plain;
Extol in thy race ev'ry son of Apollo,
And spurn with ~~thine hoofs~~ ~~sconces~~ all that are
hollow;

Be justice the symbol that marks thy career,
For the organ of Truth is disdainful of fear:
I'faith, I've no rancour, nor mean I to show it;
In person I scarce know e'en *one living Poet*.
Their labours I've studied, and act from cool
reason;

Thus folly and sense share due comments in season.
The flights of bold fancy shall first claim the
stricture,

For poets stand foremost on *Noodle's* grand picture,
From high vaunted *Scot* that has caus'd hue and
cry O!

To *Rickman*, self-dubb'd after great *Mistress Clio*.

Southey.^(h)

Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.

Horace.

Either the man is mad, or writing verses.

TIME was, when a man dar'd an Epic essay,
He cautious survey'd stumbling-blocks in his way ;
So first made enquiry if Phœbus had bless'd him,
And whether the Muses united caress'd him :

(h) This gentleman's voluminous productions seem to have been written with a view to the display of his universal reading, rather than of annexing to his name the title of a great and lasting poet : he has been esteemed a follower of *Wordsworth's*

With acumen keen depth of study survey'd,
And if fancy in vestments of reason was 'ray'd;
For when sterling sense cannot genius bind fast,
All efforts prove madness—the style mere bombast.

style, without laying claim to the pathos which characterises a variety of that gentleman's productions, notwithstanding his contempt for all the heretofore acknowledged rules of poetical composition. Whensoever *Mr. Southey* issues from the press, we find him arrayed in a different costume, though one unvarying predilection for the wonderful runs through the whole series of his poems. His *Joan of Arc*, hastily composed after the manner of *Milton* and other epic poets, though possessing merit, is particularly deficient on the score of patriotism, as every Gallic chief is elevated to the rank of an hero, while our fifth *Henry*, *Talbot*, &c. are scarcely raised above the common walk of life. *Thalaba the Destroyer*, after the model of the *Arabian Tales*, is characterised by some bold but extravagant flights. *Madoc*, though generally pleasing, on account of the mild sentiments which breathe throughout that production, is nevertheless rendered irksome to the reader, at intervals, from insipidity and tameness of style. *Kehama*, diversified with the rhapsodies of *Thalaba*, and the gentleness of the last mentioned poem, claims precedence above the rest; and whatsoever genius this writer may possess is certainly elicited from the work in question.

These points well consider'd, he next conn'd the
page,

To find a theme fitting his Muse to engage ;

Upon analyzing the productions of *Mr. Southey*, it will be found that he is most anxious to make the world acquainted with the multiplicity of books that have engrossed his attention : to accomplish which purpose he has neglected the arrangement of his ideas, and a due attention to the groundwork of his plans ; two concomitants which are absolutely essential to ensure the poet universal and unperishable fame.

A poem entitled the *Damnation of Ruvomisha*, from the pen of *Rodrigo Maddocks, Esq.*, is a production in the style of *Southey* ; containing a portion of the extravaganza of that writer's *Curse of Kehama*, while the versification is much more regular than the laureat's poem of *Thalaba the Destroyer*. There is, indeed, no part of the production of *Mr. Maddocks* which can compare with *Kehama's* entrance through *eight portals* at the *same juncture of time* ; or of the orb compounded of *a thousand little eyes kneaded into one*. All that it is requisite to state, respecting the *Damnation of Ruvomisha*, is, that such individuals who may be partial to the *most marvellous of the marvellous* will find ample food for the indulgence of their predeliction on perusal of the work in question.

And the purpose achiev'd, next with care plann'd
the story ;

The sage was sublime, and the hero all glory ;
And years thus revolving, when toil found an
end,

He next gave his poem to each critic friend ;
Read o'er their remarks, then corrected anew,
Each line thus subjected to keenest review :
When diffident still, and with feelings oppress'd,
His Epic for months he consign'd to the chest ;
Till clamours of those who had greeted with praise
At length urg'd him on to dispense wide his
lays,

Which living ensur'd to his brows verdant wreath,
And 'shrin'd him with fame of a genius in death.
Such erst was the practice when study and science
To vapid effusions at once bad defiance :
The poet conceiving *one Epic*, well fraught,
A work with the labour of life cheaply bought.
But now in a *Laureat* that's living, we find
A bard truly gifted with Parnassian mind ;

Thus *Southey*, who once wrote for freedom—
 egad,

True turn-coat, can right about face, pliant lad ;
 'Tis to creatures like these laureat labours belong ;
 A soul truly fir'd wou'd disdain flattery's song :

class out *Herods shame*, daring alike the language of reproof and the keen lash of correction, without deigning to subsidize a venal pen in order to throw a gloss over the flagrant dereliction. As a specimen, however, of this species of composition, taken in its fullest extent, may tend to amuse, I shall present the subjoined without further apology.

Father de Aranax published a book at *Pumpkins* in favour of Philip the Vth, the title of which, rendered into English word for word, ran as follows.

" The Lord Philip Vth is true King of Spain of God's own making: the
 " Tower of the second David, persecuted and victorious, fortified with three
 " bulwarks, viz. Justice, Religion, and Politics, to which a thousand Shields
 " are fastened to defend his Crown ; dedicated and consecrated to the King
 " our Lord, whom God preserve for the Glory of Spain and the Good of
 " Christendom. By Father Hyacinthus D'Aranaz, a native of the most
 " faithful city of Sanguessa, Doctor of Divinity, Synodal Examiner of the
 " Archbishopric of Toledo, Chaplain to his Majesty, &c. &c".

This fanatical, I might add farcical writer, compares his work to a fortress with three bulwarks. Fifteen shields are fastened to the first, eight to the second, and four to the third. To get into that fortress, one must go through a portico, where, says the author, one may be informed that the Devil, in quality of the Prince of Discord, inspires the malcontents with a desire of changing their king ; and has entrusted the heretics with the execution of such enterprise.

So proceed in thy course, ape the courtier's
career, (*k*)
And with shame braid thy temples each fresh
coming year.

(*k*) Adulandi gens prudentissima laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici. *Juvenal.*

The skilful race of flatterers praises the discourse of the ig-
norant, and the face of the deformed friend.

Does not a rhymster fire explode
When he composes Birth-day Ode?
A subject now become so stale,
'Tis worse than ten days uncork'd ale;
And yet is render'd staler by
My poet drone's dull poetry.

Anacreon Moore.

παῖς δ' ἀπαντα θυμῳ.

Anacreon.

I kick the world before me.

IF frame of a mortal enshrines fancy's store,
Such genius exists in the mind of a Moore :
The soul of *Anacreon* his couplets impart,
Of Cupid he levels the conqu'ring dart,
While of beauty's bright goddess he loosens the
zone,
His style, point, and metre, completely his own. (1)

(1) *Menage*, speaking of *Martial*, the epigrammatist, asserts, that there is no Latin poet whatsoever in whose works there are

Sometimes he will doubtless offend prudish ears,
 And matrons may feel for their offspring some
 fears;
 Yet failings like these are with beauties so blended,
 Where censure is due, still the bard is commended.
 But leaving such themes, let us view him turn wag,
A Post Boy poetic, with two-penny bag; (m)

so many things that might have transpired in the course of conversation as are to be found in the epigrams of this poet; and in like manner no writer of the present epoch can compare with Mr. Moore in his amatory effusions and the easy flow of his versification; the perusal of which never fails to bring to recollection the lines of Virgil, taken in a literal sense, where he says,

———*Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine Poeta,
 Quale sopor fessis.*———

As pleasing are thy verses to us, divine Poet, as sleep is to the wearied, &c. &c.

It appears, indeed, as if this gentleman was inspired with all the exuberance of *Ovid*, and the mental energy of *Armstrong*; he never assumes the pen but to entrance with delight, and stamp upon the mind a conviction that *Poeta nascitur non fit*.

(m) It has been disputed whether the abovementioned production is from the pen of the gentleman now under review.

His letters satiric bring *Horace* to view,
Of *Martial* combining the acumen too ;
While classic quotations show such erudition,
No wonder the book was in great requisition :
In fine, both as master of metre and song,
For love, wine, and wit, *Moore* ranks first of the
throng ;
Nor will I, in praising, retrench e'en a tittle,
For all I can say proves that all is too little ! (n)

who, I believe, denies any knowledge of this satiric effusion; the appearance of which is said to have deprived him of a very lucrative post under the Governor-General of India. As the above lines, however, denominate *Mr. Moore* as the writer of *The Two-Penny Post Bag*, I should conjecture that the poet had some just cause for venturing upon the allegation: at all events, I can only say, as the humble annotator, that if the *genuine trifle* in question be not the production of our offspring of *Anacreon*, there are certainly *two suns* now blazing in the world of literature.

(n) It was a frequent complaint of *Goldsmith*, that he lived in too late an age for poetry: he seemed to consider the simple and genuine productions of the Muse as of too delicate a nature to arrest the attention of minds accustomed to the

Bright son of Apollo ! as such I salute thee ;
In lauding thy merits, my tongue ne'er shall mute
be.

strong stimuli of trade and ambition. Will the present age give the lie to this theory?—Never surely was there a greater abundance of poets than have sprung up in our days ; and these poets have small reason to complain of coldness on the part of the public. But so strongly have we at present imbibed the spirit of trade, that we seem only to estimate a poet by the quantity of his productions, and the price they bear in the market. Were the few exquisite poems of a *Goldsmith* now to appear for the first time, they would make no impression on a public accustomed to quartos of original poetry by the month. A certain quantity of poetry is wanted in a given time, and he is accounted the greatest poet who can furnish the readiest and most abundant supply. That I am not going too far in my assertion, I have only to instance two well-known living poets. The one, *Anacreon Moore*, has from time to time produced some of the most exquisite lyrical effusions in our language, and which must dwell on the memory of every lover of the Muse. But are the public contented with these ? Every one allows their merit. Yet why, it is asked, can he not produce a more elaborate work ? For this reason alone ; he seems to be at present totally eclipsed by *Walter Scott*, the great fashionable poet of the day, whose surprising fertility a charitable British public seems willing to ascribe to an inexhaustible fancy. In-

Rogers.

Munus Apolline dignum.

Horace.

A labour worthy of Apollo.

WITH vigorous pennon a *Rogers* now soars,
And the regions of fancy with boldness explores :
No hackney'd effusions his pages debase,
The theme ever florid abounds with true grace ;

exhaustible this poet certainly is ; but where are the passages which bespeak a warm and creative fancy, and which soar beyond a certain easy mediocrity ? Where is to be found the curious felicity which has always stamped a genuine offspring of the Muse ?

His study has been not for *quantum* to strive,
But with beauties to keep the attention alive ;
And the *Pleasures of Memory* still shall remain,
While mentally stamp'd in the flights of his
brain ; (o)

Of Bards then I greet him, true star in our sphere,
With radiance poetic, most brilliantly clear.
Thus thy theme I must hail, pure indigenous plant
Of Parnassus' stream ; and thy volume, though scant,
Is more precious to me than huge quarto well stor'd
By witling, who caters for fashion's dull board :
The latter nought beaming save brightness of paste ;
While the former, a gem of first water enchas'd,

(o) The perspicuous manner in which Sir Noodle has delivered his opinion of *Mr. Rogers's* production needs no comment. I shall therefore dismiss the present note by requesting that if there be any lover of the Muse now existing, who has not feasted his mind upon the glowing numbers of this gentleman, he will forthwith make his peace with Apollo, by purchasing the *Pleasures of Memory*, which, once read, can never be forgotten.

Sheds lustre unfaded, no cloud can o'ercast,
Since Fame to the verge of old Time still must last.
Thus ranks Poet *Rogers*, with mind chastely
glowing:

Wou'd each bard, like him, was with genius
o'erflowing!

Campbell.

Natura ipse valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi quodam
divino spiritu afflari. *Cicero.*

To be powerful from nature; impelled by the energies of the
mind, and to feel, as it were, the inspiration of a Divine Spirit.

HOPe's path, lo! with pleasures a *Campbell* next
strews,

True fancy with lustre enshrining the Muse;
His scenes rapid changing, revolve boundless scope,
Each vision the phantasy nurtur'd of *Hope*.
As in *Comus* of *Milton* bright gems stud each line,
The fire of a Genius ne'er resting supine,

So his vesture our Bard dipp'd in heaven's azure
beam,

And Hope seems no longer Delusion's gay dream :
Enchain'd by his number, dark Fate is forgot,
Our passage through life ranks of Angels the lot ;
The sunshine of pleasure dispels sorrow's tears, (*p*)
And the soul seems entranc'd by the choir of the
spheres.

Oh ! welcome, fond Hope, choicest boon from above,
The balm of affliction and soother of love ;

(*p*) When sunbeams illumine the sphere, we are gladdened by the brilliancy of their rays ; and when the soul of poetry vibrates on the mind, we own the heavenly inspiration. It is therefore sufficient that the *Pleasures of Hope* be enrolled, to invigorate every thrill that emanates from the effusions of harmonic and vigorous poesy. Having thus dismissed a *Campbell* with a eulogy inadequate to his deserts, which are so conspicuous throughout all his performances, I cannot refrain from coupling with the above-mentioned bard the name of *Cowper*, which has no less conferred the highest honour upon the votaries of true genius in our matchless isle.

Thy precept enchanting, by *Campbell* design'd,
'Graves each budding joy on my sensitive mind :
Then live, sweetest soother ! my soul's dearest
treasure ;
The pathway of Peace, and the beacon of Pleasure.

Burns.

Ubi mel, ibi apes.

Plautus.

Where there is honey, there will the bees swarm.

STAND forth, playful *Burns*, that on sweet native
reed

Erst pip'd roundelay which of praise claims the
meed :

Tho' tarnish'd by failings, such conduct yet prov'd

Thy mind by the Muses was fondly belov'd ;

For the race of Apollo have faulty been found,

In mazes performing this life's fitful round.

Forgive, then, his deeds ; since the actor we know

To none, save himself, play'd the part of a foe :

And of spirit consign'd to the realms of the dead,
'Twere baseness that aught like reproof should be
said.

'Tis the produce of mind, not the labour of man,
I, *Sir Scribblecumdash*, here endeavour to scan :
So, pleas'd, I must greet our true Bard with
applause,
Whose genius, divested of classical laws,
Combin'd sterling wit, vigor, pathos, and ease ;
And point, feeling, energy, always must please : (q)

(q) Independently of the works published during the lifetime of *Burns*, which have excited, and so justly continue to excite public applause, the world is also indebted to the persevering and praiseworthy researches of the late *Mr. Cromk* for the poetical and prose remains of this offspring of talent; which not only tend to enhance the Bard in the estimation of literary characters, but also display him in that social point of view which truly delineates the soul of this unsophisticated child of Caledonian song.

In fine, 'twas as easy with *Burns* to excel,
As for thousands to chime forth stupidity's knell.

The recent horrors still appear :

Oh ! may they never cease to awe !

Still be the King of Terrors near,

Whom late in all his pomp I saw.

Torture and grief prepar'd his way,

And pointed to a yawning tomb ;

Darkness behind eclips'd the day,

And check'd my forward hopes to come.

But now the dreadful storm is o'er,

Ended, at last, the doubtful strife ;

And, living, I the hand adore

That gave me back again to life.

God of my life ! what just return

Can sinful dust and ashes give ?

I only live my sins to mourn ;

To love my God, I only live.

To thee, benign and sacred Power,

I consecrate my lengthen'd days ;

While, mark'd with blessings, every hour

Shall speak my co-extended praise.

Bloomfield.

Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris.

Horace.

A certain portion of honor is due to those labours which are derived from middle or common life.

To chronicle *Bloomfield* I cannot refuse,
Renown'd for *one flight* of Simplicity's Muse ;
The poor *Farmer's Boy*, his sole offspring of merit,
Each subsequent effort divested of spirit.
He pictur'd the scenes which in childhood he
knew,
His style unaffected ;—his portraiture true :

Thus the poem, as effort didactic, must stand
Rusticity's tale from Veracity's hand. (s)

(s) If the rapid sale of a work can speak for its merits, the *Farmer's Boy* must claim the most unbounded commendation: beauties it certainly does possess, what will ever deservedly rank it a favourite with a British public. As for the subsequent labours of *Mr. Bloomfield*, they so far fall short of this dawning effusion as scarcely to appear the performances of the same writer: and I am by no means singular in my opinion, when I aver that had this gentleman dropped the pen upon the completion of the *Farmer's Boy*, his poetic talent would not have experienced *any diminution* in the judgment of literary censors. Urged, as I conjecture, by the success of his brother, *Mr. Nathaniel Bloomfield* also enlisted himself under the auspices of the Nine; but his attempts can never place him upon a par with his relative, when the *Farmer's Boy* becomes the subject of consideration. Among other poems of this description, an anonymous writer has favoured the public with *The Fisher Boy*, *Sailor Boy*, *Cottage Girl*, and *Jack Junk*; four productions which have met with considerable applause. They portray the unvarnished delineations of life, as far as the scenes extend which they were composed to delineate; and if morality, patriotism, and an easy style of versification can gratify a reader, these poems are not unworthy the patronage already conferred upon them.

Such praise claims the bard, nor shall candour
disown it ;

I love native worth, and will ever enthrone it :

Ne'ertheless, in their plaudits some friends over
warm,

The dictates of reason wou'd fain take by storm ;

Such critics as boldly advanc'd potent reasons,

To prove *Farmer's Boy* vied with *Thomson's* fam'd

Seasons : (t)

(t) *Mr. Capel Loft*, the annotator of the *Farmer's Boy*, has not only lavished the most unqualified praises upon this work, but, in imitation of Messrs. *Malone*, *Steevens*, *Chalmers*, and such laborious commentators, enlisted, as his auxiliaries, the Greek and Latin poets, in order to prove that *Mr. Bloomfield*, having eyes, could sometimes *see*, form his opinions, and express himself in terms not dissimilar to the style of those antique gentlemen. By this scientific research the public is favoured with a volume containing twice the quantum of paper and print which the poem itself would expend ; and for which every purchaser of course must pay, although not one in five hundred ever takes the trouble of wading through notes which only tend to confuse the text of a writer whose excellence consists in the simplicity of his tale, and the perspicuity of style which characterizes the effusion of his Muse.

Productions that never can parallel chime,
The one pure simplicity ;—th' other sublime.
Divested of *furor* thus blinding, I write ;
Resolv'd sterling judgment my praise shall endite :
As I think, I record, free from all private pique ;
And I deem such the basis of candid *critique*.

Pratt. (*)

Et meæ, si quid loquar audiendum

Vocis accedet bona pars.

Horace.

And if any opinion of mine is worthy consideration, I most freely give it in his favour.

LONG vers'd in the flights of Apollo, I hail
The feeling enditer of *Sympathy's tale* ;
Whose versatile talent claims bays and the rod,
For Genius will often prove drowsy, and nod :
Since quantity cannot at all times rank ev'n,
The children of earth are no tenants of heaven ;

(*) This poet is now, alas ! equally insensible to censure and to praise. While this proof was passing through the press, I read the account of his death in the public papers, which took place on the 4th of October, near Birmingham. He was a man of genuine benevolence. His character as an author has been variously appreciated.

Great *Shakespeare* himself from sublime could
 descend,
 And bathos with pathos at intervals blend. (v)

(v) Public characters of every description, but more particularly those of a literary stamp, are peculiarly subject to the attacks of virulence and ill nature : it is therefore little to be wondered at that *Mr. Pratt*, in the progress of his long career, should have felt the lash of malice and ill nature. As I am far from desirous of interfering with the private characters of individuals, I shall refrain from adverting to any of these insidious attacks, and content myself with referring to the literary requisites of this author, which, however chequered by inequalities, are, upon the whole, far above mediocrity. *Mr. Pratt* has certainly indulged too much in the flimsy *Della Cruscan* style; nor do any compositions of that description display the real talent of this writer, who never pleases so much as when eliciting the unsophisticated effusions of the heart. He has been by far too exuberant in his encomiums upon individuals; and the frequency of this strain of eulogy has, in too many instances, prompted our author to become a plagiarist upon himself, by committing a poetical *felo de se*. With all his literary lapses, however, *Mr. Pratt* is, in many instances, deserving the meed of approbation. Neither have his efforts to procure relief for the suffering been unattended by success; although the most ill natured construc-

Time was, when, *O Pratt!* I beheld thee oft feast
on
That vase far renown'd by the name of *Bath*
Easton ;

tion has been put upon this gentleman's motives for such humane interposition.

As a specimen of *Mr. Pratt's* extempore, the subjoined lines are transcribed from the fly leaf of the first volume of his works, in 22 volumes, presented to a friend.

“ As books, and of the lighter kind,
Are for your villa fam'd design'd ;
By way of pastime to unbend,
Accept the volumes which I send.
When hawks, and hounds, and horses tire,
And winter heaps the Christmas fire,
My muse, to variegate your board,
Her tuneful banquet may afford :
Her labours shall memorials be
Of what the poet owes to Thee.”

I have above stated that *Mr. Pratt* has been too much

From whence 'twas thy fortune the bright bays to
claim, ·

That rank'd thee a Poet deserving some fame ;

addicted to the eulogizing of particular personages : this strain, however, cannot rank in competition with the subjoined specimens, which, by way of a commentary upon the bombast, may not prove displeasing to the reader.

Honoré Riouffe, president and orator of the French Tribunal, who complimented Bonaparte in a strain of flattery that might have disgusted a Nero or a Domitian, seemed to have been regularly trained in this school of adulation. In 1786, he made a *Sully* of *Calonne*, and a *Richelieu* of his successor, *Cardinal De Brienne*. He next proceeded to compliment *Neckar* as the modern *Colbert* : and, in 1789, compared *La Fayette* to the great *Washington*, and ranged *Mirabeau* on a par with *Dr. Franklin*. In 1790 *Abbé Maury* was the French *Demosthenes*. In 1791 *Brissot* was the Gallic *Cato*, and *Roland* the French *Aristides*. In *Marat* the world beheld a *Brutus* : in *Danton* a *Tullius* : while *Santerre*, in his estimation, was equal to *Marlbrough*. This sycophant, in 1793, flattered the monster *Robespierre* by the designation of *Gracchus* ; and *Henriot* was not inferior to the great *Eugene*. In 1795 *Talleyrand*

Nor wou'd I for kingdoms that verdant sprig
 blight,
 Wherewith fancy's hand had thy temples bedight :
 Ne'ertheless, as before, I repeat—thy worn quill
 Too often hath needed Apollo's sharp drill ;
 But he that for booksellers e'er hath been drudge,
 For one flash of talent a twelvemonth must trudge :
 Such truth I proclaim, to poor wretches that feed 'em,
 Wou'd those that have bled were in turn doom'd to
 bleed 'em !

was held out as the Republican Christ! O blasphemy! where
 is thy blush? *La Revelliere*, in 1796, was the Republican
 Moses: *Rewbell* shone forth a *Solon*: and *Carnot* blazed the
 living *Vauban*! To this vile flattery, by way of finale, I shall
 subscribe the lines once addressed to the facetious but inoffensive
Tom D'Urfey, making only a slight alteration.

“ In the next world expect thy blows,
 For none shall wipe thy stains out ;
Sully shall pluck thee by the nose,
 A *Eugene* beat thy brains out.”

Walter Scott.

Utque alios industria; ita hunc ignavia ad famam protulerat.

Tacitus.

Other writers have acquired the meed of fame by persevering industry; but this individual owes his success to indolence.

UNHEARD of before, as from clouds straight
descended,

A Scot appears, teeming with verse strangely
blended;

Whose maxim is that of all common scribes trite,
Whether sterling or not, still the Muse needs must
write;

For whether it prove of a *Minstrel last Lay*,
 Which bears of his flights much poetic array;
 Or the *Lady* bewitching of *Lake* crystal clear,
 Where still most unequal is made to appear;
 That sloven performance, the which I must sigh on,
 Renown'd Field of *Flodden*, and fighting *Mar-mi-on*;
 Or *Roderick's* dream, surely penn'd in derision,
 Since Muses were drunk when composing *Don's*
Vision;

And lastly of *Rokeby*, the quick lash'd-up lore,
 Replete with the faults of those themes trac'd
 before.

Now although *viva voce*, the public *en masse*
 Hath affirm'd that these Lays other efforts surpass,
 And that while love of rhymes shall exist, envied
 lot

Of wearing the bays must belong to a *Scot*;
 Still I dare this slap-bang assertion dispute,
 For though thus oppos'd, I will never be mute.
 I stand unappall'd, tho' by numbers surrounded;
 Calm reason was never by legions confounded:

My bulwark is sense, on that fort I rely,
And a stronger exists not between you and I:(x)

(x) So numerous and in such quick succession have appeared the flights of *Mr. Scott*, that to enter into a separate review of each poem would swell my notes into so many chapters: a step not only incompatible with the limits of this production, but rendered of little utility, after the concise strictures as delivered above by *Sir Scribblecumbdash*. If the Greek adage was correct, which goes to state that

Δεῶν τύχης σαλαγμον, ἢ φρεων πιδον,

Give a man good luck, and throw him into the sea,

then, indeed, had our poet long ago found a watery grave: but when we call to mind that the love of money begetteth more, it may not appear wonderful if he

Declinat cursus aurumque volubile tollit,

———— Greedy of the shining fruit, steps back
To catch the rolling gold. ————

An occupation, by the by, in which poets of the present æra are but very seldom engaged. Throughout *Mr. Scott's* produc-

So I'll e'en tell the bard who with rhyming's thus
 bitten,
 Had one theme been trac'd while the five thus were
 written,

tions there is nothing so striking as the inequalities observable both in his style and versification. In one poem the name of *Marmion* is incessantly made a tag at the end of the line; while the words enlisted to form a jingle are strained and unpoetical in the extreme: witness

“ ‘ Charge, Chester, charge!—on, Stanley, on!’—
 Were the last words of Mar-mi-on.”

In reply to which, one might well exclaim—

Charge, Mazard, charge!—Quack on, quack on!
 O! that such lays he ne'er had quack'd upon!

In *Mudford's Life of Cumberland* is introduced a long note, upon the subject of our northern leviathan and the late *Miss Seward*, to the which I refer the public for a specimen of just criticism, as to the literary pretensions of this once metrical and corresponding duetto, whose *diffidence* and *modesty* are there

And the beauties dispers'd throughout all grac'd
that *One*,

In the hemisphere *Scot* then had blaz'd a bright
sun ;

blazoned forth to the meanest capacity. As *Mr. Scott's* walk has not been confined to the mazes of fancy alone, I should like to be made acquainted whether or not, upon the proposal being made to that gentleman of editing the works of the renowned *Dryden*, two prizes were not tendered by him ; viz. *remuneration for the toils of the man of literature, or payment for a book-seller's job ?* the latter of which was grasped at by the publishers, as being the cheapest : in which case the noblest flights of a British poet were subjected to the mere editorship of *tare and tret*. With regard to the followers of *Walter Scott*, *Miss Holford* was particularly bitten with a mania for imitating his style, and has produced a poem entitled *Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk*, wherein are to be found many traits of exuberant genius. It is, therefore, only a matter of regret that the literary friends of this lady did not interpose so far as to prevent her from adopting the versification of another ; for there is little doubt but, in giving rein to her own natural talent, the production would have borne the stamp of originality, and in all probability obviated the necessity for any stricture on the score of

For to state that no talent appears in our *Walter*
Wou'd prove me from truth a most shameful
defaulter.

Stark mad with unqualified praise of the world,
He thinks that his name on a title unfurl'd,
Be the theme what it may, must enamour the town;
Since the rhymes of a *Scot* cannot fail to go
down.

Ah! fatal delusion, that hoodwinks thy sense,
Arouse from such stupor and apathy dense;
Straight marshal thy talents, call wisdom to aid
thee,
Nor suffer the *thinking* for *sloth* to upbraid thee:

subserviency in style or composition. If we contemplate the volume in question with a publisher's eye, it must certainly rank a complete bookseller's bargain; for, upon averaging the pages, there will be found about twelve lines in each; which, considering the price of the work being *only* one pound five, is a very decent curtailment of matter to the purchaser.

The pathway is wide, true renown may be thine,
Forget Flatt'ry's tale, rest no longer supine;
Since study may guide thee to Parnassus' top,
While reverse dooms thy labours to cheesemonger's
shop. (y)

(y) Should *Mr. Scott* ever chance to skim over the present volume, he may perhaps feel little pleased in perusing the last note; which was not, however, intended as the vehicle of pique or ill nature: the bard under review being only known to the annotator through the medium of his several poetic productions. *Mr. Scott's* abilities as a classical scholar cannot be denied; and it is therefore the more astonishing that his judgment should have been warped from those standard principles of literature which have stood the test of ages, and will continue to exist when the new-fangled ephemeræ of fashion shall be no more. It remained with a *Chatterton*, whose object was deception, to enlist the phraseology of the 13th century: but what reason could possibly prompt this gentleman to produce such a *pyebald* style of composition? If, indeed, notoriety and pecuniary benefit were the incitements, *Mr. Scott* has fully answered his purpose; but I very much doubt whether the fame of his lucubrations

will outstretch the boundary of his own mortal career. I shall now terminate my note by stating, in strict unison with *Sir Noodle's* opinion, that *Mr. Scott* is capable of producing that which he has never yet thought fit to achieve: *Munus Apolline dignum*: in expectation of which I dismiss our northern aspirer to the envied honours of *Parnassus*.

Monk Lewis.

Il y a des gens qui ressemblent aux vaudevilles, qu'on ne chante qu'un certain temps.

Roche-foucault.

TRANSPORTED, on broomstick, thro' witcheries
gales,

A *Lewis* astounds us with *Wonderful Tales*; (z)

(z) This gentleman's first literary production established his fame with the public; for, notwithstanding the immoral tendency of many of the incidents, not to dwell upon the libidinous scenes therein portrayed, the story of the *Monk* is certainly

For demons and magic usurp'd long the throne,
True ballads of raw-head and eke bloody-bone, (a)

entertaining ; and the language, in many instances, classically beautiful. These volumes were succeeded by tales of wonder, and hobgoblin poems of numerous descriptions, that have now lost their zest with the public ; which must prove the case with every production tending to *outstretch the modesty of nature*, and consequently overstrain the literary palate : for as wholesome and plain nutriment is best calculated to gratify the appetite and assist corporeal digestion, so reason and science are the only feasts that can afford a lasting relish to the human mind. As the page of an author, already quoted, affords some Hudibrastic lines, that are applicable to subjects analogous to *Mr. Lewis's* favourite topics, I shall now quote the same, for the edification of my readers.

Have not my friends, the Germans, shown
They to philosophy are prone,
And hold with goblins converse free,
As if a sprite was you or me ?
'Tis they have conjur'd up by hosts
Your grinning troops of sheeted ghosts ;
And prov'd themselves such vast projectors
Upon the subject of pale spectres :
With whom they'd pick their teeth, at ease,
While others at the sight wou'd freeze.

Whereat madam Reason became wond'rous sick,
 And 'twas thought, mighty often, the bucket would
 kick:

Your German best of all can fright
 And exercise a wicked sprite;
 Straight sending him to join his kin
 Spruce skeleton, in snug coffin.
 'Twas Germans who first instituted
Tribunal Secret;* so reputed:
 Where ev'ry brother swears to cut
 His neighbour's throat, if he does but,
 By word or sign, become suspected
 As being one of the elected.
 No matter whether father, mother,
 Sister, wife, or child, or brother:

* Very little can be advanced, for a certainty, respecting this extraordinary association; which, we are told, kept potentates in awe: all we can ascertain, as matter of fact, is that the oaths of secrecy were of the most diabolical tendency; as the associate was thereby bound to spare no one allied to him, even by ties of closest consanguinity; but immolate, without contrition, any individual who should fall under the displeasure of the tribunal. It has been conjectured, from the impenetrable mystery attending the practices of this society, that the institution must be similar to that of the *Rosicrucians*.

But so hot prov'd the fever it could not last long,
Wherefore spectres are now but an old woman's song.

Since all their mighty plans, they think,
May be betray'd by nod or wink.
Wherefore 'twere well each should be surly,
As in the *Critic* great *Lord Burleigh*;
That sapient wight, whose cogitations
And dumb harangues cou'd manage nations;
Whose mystic eloquence displays
Meaning to his grand master—*Bays*:
For *Bays* and this *Tribunal's Lord*
In sense mean one, tho' two in word.
Since either's secrets to unriddle,
Nor more or less are than *b—m fiddle*;
The fiddle standing for a *hum*,
Just meaning nothing more than *b—m*:
So, whether cut athwart the middle,
B—m simple, or complex *b—m fiddle*,
Beth added up no more will bring
Than *NOUGHT*; and that stands for *no-thing*.
Has not my Gallic tribe, though gay,
Been sage with its *Illuminées*?*

* This society, as well as the beforementioned association, had its origin in Germany; but was also particularly in vogue with the leaders of the French revolution. The tenets professed by its votaries, if not directly atheistical, had so much tendency thereto, that it was difficult to apply any other appellation to the faith of these pseudo philosophers.

This writer, abounding with faults, still possesses
A pathos which often the reader impresses.

Those gentlemen, who, quite serene,
Bow'd necks to chopper *Guillotine*;
And made a boast of *night-cap red*,
Having nought *else* to cover head.

(a) Of witches, and the estimation in which they were held among the Danes and Anglo Saxons, there are some curious notes in *Erin's Rauga Saga*, and other Icelandic annals. The description of the witch *Thorbiorga*, and her interview with *Earl Thorchill*, is particularly curious. She is represented as the only survivor of nine sisters, all witches or fortune-tellers, and frequented public entertainments, when invited. *Earl Thorchill*, to ascertain when a sickness or famine would cease, which then raged, sent for, and made preparations for the reception of *Thorbiorga*. On her arrival in the evening, she was dressed in a gown of green cloth, buttoned from top to bottom; about her neck was a string of glass beads, and her head was covered with the skin of a black lamb, lined with that of a white cat; her shoes were of calf's skin with the hair on, tied with thongs, and fastened with brass buttons; and on her hands were a pair of gloves of white cat's skin, with the fur inward; about her waist she wore a *Hunlandic* girdle, at which hung a

With a phalanx of moderns, his practice has been
To compose, in despite, both thro' thick and thro'
thin.

Thus his pages ephemeræ prov'd of the hour :
The talisman broken, and vanish'd the pow'r,
That æra will come, which our children must see,
When the name of *Monk Lewis* forgotten shall be.

bag containing her magical instruments ; and she supported herself on a staff, adorned with many knobs of brass. Such was the dress of the witch *Thorbiorga* ; who, upon the following day, prognosticated to *Thorchill* that the famine would soon cease, and the sickness abate in proportion : which divinations, we are told, accordingly came to pass.

Lord Strangford.

Auditque vocatus Apollo.

Virgil.

Apollo hears when called upon.

FROM race of plebeians aloft next we mount,
Since lords now get boozy at Helicon's fount;
Nor let me deny to a *Strangford* his due,
Who holds a Translation right ably to view:
While, if splendour of genius his verse doth not deck,
His learning proves always to folly a check.

With pleasure I conn'd o'er his flights, I confess,
And I trust future efforts may meet with success. (b)

(b) Poetical talent being seldom coupled with the name of a man of title, it would appear invidious to withhold the meed of approbation attachable to this nobleman for his translation of *Camoens' Poems*, which made its appearance some years back ; combining correctness of judgment, elegance of style, and a complete knowledge of his original. To say that his lordship has given to them the appearance of an original English composition would be going too far : it is a translation of the first order ; and will never disgrace the library of the man of real taste and refined literature.

Lord Byron.

Fac discas multa, et vites nescire doceri.

Cato.

Take heed to learn many things, and shun not the opportunity
to reap instruction.

SOME strange combination must rule o'er the
spheres,

Since our age teems with many Parnassian peers.

A *Byron*, not lacking of fancy some store,

Who, study possessing, hath purg'd mental lore,

With *Strangford* respectably gracing my poem,

Whom last I recorded, of lordlings the proem.

This titled enditer, tho' beauties possessing,
Childe Harold must needs with old phrase still be
dressing :

A style of composing shall ne'er claim my praises ;
The Muses thus robing in masquerade phases.
For, as planets will oft seem halv'd, gibbous, or
horn'd,
These obsolete terms, to my mind, seem suborn'd
To torture our language, for ages corrected ;
Which, now at its acme, must needs be neglected.
Having own'd that his lordship much fancy possesses,
May his flights henceforth throw off such harlequin
dresses.

As a bard thus I grant him the praises his due,
And, with care, bid him Pegasus's journey pursue.(c)

(c) We are frequently told by the reviewers, that birth and fortune do not produce the smallest influence upon their decisions respecting any point connected with the republic of letters; which is, however, to my mind a very problematical assertion,

Notwithstanding due praise be allowed to *Lord Byron*, on the score of assiduous labour, scholastic acquirement, and classical elegance, he most assuredly cannot at present lay claim to real genius or originality; and, with deficiencies so palpable, the productions of his lordship could never have received those unqualified eulogiums, had not the talismanic charm of nobility infused its balsam as an ingredient into the dose of criticism. Considered in the light of a *didactic* writer, *Lord Byron* is deserving a considerable portion of praise; but any attempt to soar into the *heaven of heavens*, is a task beyond the powers of this Parnassian nobleman.

Some time has elapsed since the former part of this note was committed to paper: since which period a few short ebullitions have met the public eye, that do infinite credit to the muse of *Lord Byron*. I would, however, most seriously advise this nobleman to apply his abilities to some more sterling and lasting topic: let him obliterate from his thoughts all recollection of the new school. His judgment is obviously much matured; and the style he adopts is seldom characterized by a want of perspicuity: and, as the sublimity of Alpine scenery elevates the soul to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, even so will the mental energies expand in proportion to the grandeur of the subject which is selected to put them into action. Under such an impression, therefore, do I advise *Lord Byron* to lay the ground-work of a poem, the superstructure of which may justly entitle him to the praises of futurity.

Lord Thurlow.

Omnes clari et nobilitati labores, fiunt tolerabiles.

All pursuits become supportable, which are illustrious and renowned.

WHILE thus thro' the regions of honour I fly,
The lays of a *Thurlow* salute my keen eye;
Whose numbers respectably chime on the ear,
Proclaiming his lordship—poetical peer ; (*d*)

(*d*) But not a peerless poet : his lordship must be content with one dignity. Kings can make peers, but there is no royal art of creating poets. Lord Thurlow composes with exquisite rapidity ; his works follow each other more quickly than they are read. His lordship, however, meditates a nobler flight, which cannot be better described than in his own inimitable language and versification.

Who thus greater honour bestows on his name
Than seeking of Folly the symbol to claim ;

In some lines addressed to Lord Holland, he says,
 " I think, my lord, to build a verse,
 Which, *if our language hold,*
 Shall through the sides of darkness pierce,
 And all to time unfold,
 In language of thrice golden praise
 And ever dear delight,
What lives amid the Olympic ways
And in the shoreless night."

Lord Thurlow is a devoted admirer of a certain illustrious personage, who abundantly admires himself ; and he has discovered a fact concerning that said personage, of which no one but his lordship ever suspected him to be guilty : it is no less an exploit than *setting the Thames on fire*. We hope his lordship is not ironical, but in his "*Carmen Britannicum*, or Song of Britain, written in honour of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent," he seriously puts forth the following line,

" *Thames, by thy victories, is set on fire.*"

We are quite sure his lordship does not mean this as a joke, because in another part of the same poem he traces his Royal

For the noble, when guided by fashion's dull rules,
His title enrols on the tablet of fools. (c)

Highness's lineage, in a direct line from Jupiter, through Hercules, Glaucus, the Tarquins, &c. down to Azo, the son of Hugo. Now the descendant of so many heroes may fairly presume to be himself quite hero enough for setting the aforesaid river in a blaze, though we profess, notwithstanding his lordship's assertion, that we were never so fortunate as to witness the conflagration.

(c) *Lord Thurlow* first presented himself to the public as the extravagant panegyrist of various living characters; whom he extols, in sonnets, according to their respective degrees of rank in society, with a poetic enthusiasm that vies with the flights of the gallant *Sir Philip Sidney*: since which he has also favoured the literary world with a poem called *Moonlight*; wherein is described, with much poetic sentiment, the contemplations of a bard during that period of solemnity and repose. In this effort it is obvious that our nobleman has constantly kept *Milton* in view; not only by imitating the structure of his versification, but even borrowing his very images, and placing to his own account many favourite expressions scattered throughout the poems of that sublime epic writer. Upon the whole, however, the productions of *Lord Thurlow* indicate a considerable share of metrical energy: so that, if he cannot attain the

summit of his ambition, he nevertheless evinces the most enthusiastic love for the pursuit in which he has so meritoriously engaged. The following, as a happy specimen of his talent, may tend to convey some idea of the peculiar style of composition he adopts in eliciting the flights of his muse.

SONNET ON BEHOLDING BODIAM CASTLE, ON THE BANK
OF THE ROTHER, IN SUSSEX.

“ O thou brave ruin of the passed time,
When glorious spirits shone in burning arms,
And the brave trumpet, with its sweet alarms,
Call'd *Honour* ! at the matin hour sublime,
And the grey ev'ning ; thou hast had thy prime,
And thy full vigour ; and the eating harms
Of age have robb'd thee of thy warlike charms,
And plac'd thee here, an Image, in my Rhyme :
The Owl now haunts thee, and Oblivion's Plant,
The creeping Ivy, has o'er veiled thy towers ;
And Rother, looking up with eye askant,
Recalling to his mind thy brighter hours,
Laments the time, when, fair and elegant,
Beauty first laugh'd from out thy joyous bowers.”

The volume which contains the above specimen is however rendered of peculiar interest, by handing to the public translations from the Greek poets, which constituted the chief amusement of the deceased Lord Chancellor *Thurlow* during his old age, and after having weathered the season of professional

Coleridge.

Ablatum mediis opus est incudibus istud.

This work unfinish'd from the anvil came.

Now *Coleridge* in school of a *Southey* I'll note down,
Whose lays on futurity's stream will not float down;
Since ne'er can the labours of one modern scull
The sterling decrees of our fathers annul.

duties and the political burthens imposed upon him. It would be extending this note beyond the proper limits were I to descant fully upon the beauties of these performances, which are the more wonderful as being the production of extreme old age, when a recurrence to the pursuits of a juvenile period, after a life of unremitting toil, are so rarely found to exist. The translation of a chorus in Euripides possesses all the energy of youthful exuberance; and Homer's frogs and mice, as rendered into English by this nobleman, have never been surpassed, if even

Thus *Southey*, with soft *Della Cruscan* flim flam,
 Our senses would vainly with impotence cram ;
 For works, long established, such efforts deride ;
 'Tis a streamlet contending against ocean's tide.
 Thus empiric pigmies may prate about straws ;
 The old code must overthrow all modern laws :
 So, *Coleridge*, take warning, mend lays in due time,
 sir,
 Or the grave will envelop thy form, fame, and rhyme,
 sir. (f)

equalled, by any former translator of the poem in question. It has been said that the present *Lord Thurlow*, since his nuptials with the accomplished *Miss Bolton*, has determined to make that lady a participator in his future poetical ebullitions, in which case I sincerely wish that this literary co-partnership may be productive of success.

(f) However *Sir Noodle* may prove himself correct in most instances, I cannot altogether agree with his stricture upon *Mr. Coleridge's* literary acquirements ; which have, in many instances, placed him in a respectable point of view. That he has been too much indulged in the new vamped-up school I am free to confess, but I cannot in justice refrain from allowing him those merits to which he is entitled on the score of feeling and sen-

Wordsworth.

——— *Quæ diversus abis ?*

Whither dost thou wand'ring run ?

THOUGH verging in track by our laureat profess'd,
The lays of a *Wordsworth* must here be impress'd ;
Who veils many faults, since his labours impart
Such numbers pathetic as sink to the heart ;
Which sensitive impulse must ever infuse
A genuine type of the soul-thrilling Muse :

sibility. Advice I allow to be necessary, but the judgment so harshly delivered in the conclusive line of *Scribblecumdash* I must state to be indecorous, and such as by no means applies to the poetical acquirements of the gentleman above cited.

So in hopes that the Poet, of whom I now prate,
May adopt in the future a style more sedate,
I close my critique, since, by pathos subdu'd,
That feeling with sternness shall not be imbu'd:
For I hold it fair maxim, when merit I scan,
To white-wash all foibles as much as I can. (g)

(g) Having already descanted upon *Mr. Wordsworth's* talents as a poet, in my annotations upon the present laureat, I conceive it altogether superfluous to dilate further upon the subject, except it be to assure the above gentleman that I grant him every praise, as a writer appealing to the heart. I have, myself, very frequently owned the potency of his spells, which if uncontaminated by foppish singularity of style would place him in the most envied situation as a sterling delineator of the pathetic.

Mrs. Henry Tighe.

*Quem circumcursans hinc illinc sepe Cupido
Fulgebat crocina candidus in tunica.*

Catullus.

While arch young Cupid round me flutt'ring flew,
In his rich mantle, deck'd of Tyrian hue.

Tho' slumb'ring my Minstrel, and cold in the tomb,
Her ashes waft widely a fragrant perfume ;
The genius of *Tighe* robing *Psyche* with grace,
And to *Cupid* assigning a rapturous race :
Here taste, fancy, reading, their requisites grant,
Which, combin'd, yield a theme that must always
enchant ;

For purity reigns with the faith of the dove,
And celestial perfection emblazons sweet Love.
Ye daughters of Eve, then, who feel inspiration,
To *Psyche's* sweet *lays* offer up an oblation;
Catch the fervor of *Tighe*, (*h*) and no satyrists rash
Dare attack ye: so swears now *Sir Scribblecumdash*;
Who trusts that his praise, while it tends wit to
flatter,
May check would-be writers, and thus prevent satire.

(*h*) So many ladies have written, and still continue to produce trash, that no praise offered at the shrine of feminine excellence should be deemed fulsome; since the panegyric may prompt such unfortunate essayists to consult the productions of the personage so extolled, from whose style they may perhaps be prompted to correct their own effusions, or, if endowed with sense, to discriminate their natural inability, discard the pen, and thus relinquish all literary claims for ever. Independently of the poem of *Cupid* and *Psyche*, the lady now under *Sir Noodle's* review produced numerous other short effusions, all of which are characterized by every requisite that could tend to adorn a female of the most refined taste and exquisite sensibility.

Clio Rickman.

Cedite Romani scriptores, Cedite Graeci.

Relinquish the palm, ye Greek and Roman writers : yield to a competitor who surpasses all your efforts.

As of dogg'rel and bathos one sample will do,
My friends, I'll escort *Clio Rickman* to view ;
Whose oddities nothing on earth can surpass,
For they stamp him the head of a numerous class.
So the rest of his compeers, I now mean to quote,
Shall be tack'd to his tail in the form of a note.
This waster of ink, this defiler of paper,
Destroyer of pens, and of Grub Street true scraper ;

This broomstick of rhymsters, by Folly full cramm'd;
 This wit, by the sisters of Helicon d—mn'd;
 Whose rhymes are so bad, he was never yet able
 To serve as last sweeper in Pegasus' stable;
 But claims, for thus proving to Folly so steady,
 The station of groom to a lanky-ear'd Neddy. (i)

(i) As the mention of this long-eared beast brings to my recollection some curious facts, I shall here annex the same by way of a note, for the edification of those writers, who, like *Mr. Clio*, may be led to imagine that the world can be amused with *Braying*.

Ammonius Alexandrinus, the master of *Origen*, informs us of an ass that was a pattern of wisdom. *Midas* was honoured with the vast auricular appendages of this animal; and, in holy writ, *Balaam's Ass*, on the appearance of an angel, was gifted with speech. But in order to prove still further the honours conferred upon this creature, on quoting an English writer of two centuries back, in whose work the ass is made to speak, he thus expresseth himself.

This scribbler, in short, has the British press loaded
With trash, that from shelves should for aye be ex-
ploded :

“ As *contemptible* as we are, there are two of us who have a
“ bright place in heaven, as the constellation of *Cancer* will show
“ you : as *contemptible* as we are, some of your greatest philo-
“ sophers have held grand disputes on our very *shadow*, and
“ *Apuleius's* golden ass makes *us* famous to eternity. As *con-*
“ *temptible* as we are, the *strongest man* that ever was made
“ use of the jaw-bone of one of *us*, to destroy thousands of his
“ enemies. The Empress *Poppæa* used our milk to make her
“ skin the whiter : and lastly, you know who made his entry
“ into Jerusalem upon one of *us*, for which we carry the cross
“ upon our shoulders, as the badge of a blessing even to this
“ day ; which made a zealous Spaniard break out in these lines
“ upon the sight of a pageant on *Palm Sunday*.

Asno quien a Dios lleuays
Oxala yo fuera vos,
Supplico os Dios me hagays
Como el *Asno* en que vays
Y dizen *que* le oyò Dios.

A tissue, presenting the acmè of *bad*,
 Leaving *Science enthron'd* in a *Pope's Dunciad*. (j)

O! happy *Ass* who God dost bear,
 Such as thou art, O! wou'd I were.
 'Tis said the man did pray so hard
 That *pray'r* and *PERSON* both were heard."

In the city of *Beauvais*, on the 14th of January was celebrated the *Ass's Festival*, or *Holiday*, in order to represent to the life the flight of Mary into Egypt. For this purpose the clergy of the cathedral being assembled, selected from amongst several that were presented to them the most beautiful damsel, who, being placed upon an *Ass* richly caparisoned, was thus conducted, as it were in triumph, from the principal church to that of St. Stephen's; where the young maid and her donkey were introduced into the chancel, and placed on the right side of the altar. In the course of the service, performed on this occasion, the chants were interrupted at intervals with an *Hiu Haw*, in imitation of the *Ass's* braying, which was loudly articulated by the whole congregation; and at the close of the mass, the deacon, instead of the accustomed *Ita Missa est*, uttered three loud brays, which were immediately re-echoed by his auditors. But the sublimest part of this famous ceremony was the

Yet, soft! for our scribe I've a partner just fit,
 Consigning to use all the reams of his wit,

hymn chanted on the occasion, which, as a great curiosity, I shall now give at full length; being handed down to posterity by *Charles du Cange*, the French antiquary, who preserved the extraordinary *morceau* from a manuscript upwards of five hundred years old.

Latin.

Orientis partibus
 Adventavit Asinus,
 Pulcher & fortissimus,
 Surcinis aptissimus.

Translation.

From the eastern country
 this Ass is arrived, comely and
 stout, and fittest to bear a load.

Lentus erat pedibus,
 Nisi foret baculus,
 Et cum in clunibus,
 Pugeret aculeus.

Of pace he was slow, unless
 one had a stick, and his flanks
 were pricked with a spur.

Hic in collibus Sichem,
 Jam nutritus sub Ruben;
 Transiit per Jordanem,
 Saliit in Bethlehem.

He was on the hills of Si-
 chem, bred up and fed by
 Reuben, and crossing the Jor-
 dan he leaped into Bethlehem.

Whose patent proclaims him renown'd undertaker,
Of choice water-closets, superlative maker :

*Ecce! magnis auribus,
Subjugatis filius,
Asinus egregius;
Asinorum Dominus.*

Lo! with his long ears, the
son of the yoke-bearer, a charming
Ass! the king of Asses.

*Salto vincit hinnulos,
Damas & capreolus;
Super Dromedarios
Velox Midianos.*

He outruns the young fawns,
the deer, and the kids; and
surpasses in swiftness the Dromedaries of Midian.

*Aurum de Arabia,
Thus et myrrham de Saba
Tulit in Ecclesia,
Virtus Asinaria.*

The gold from Arabia, and
the frankincense and myrrh
from Saba, were brought into
the church by the virtue of the
Ass.

*Dum trahit vehicula
Multa cum sarcinulâ
Illius mandibula
Dura terit pabula.*

While he is yoked to the
cart with a heavy burden, his
jaws grind a coarse food.

*Cum aristas hordeum,
Comedit et carduum;
Triticum à paleâ,
Segregat in arêâ.*

The barley with its ears and
the thistle are his food; the
corn from the straw by him is
divided in the trough.

Their purpose just fit to consume *Rickman's* store,
The usage for which was intended such lore:

Amen dicas, Asine,
Jam satur de gramine,
Amen, amen itera;
Aspernare vetera.

Say Amen, O! gentle Ass!
now sated with grass. Repeat,
O! repeat Amen! and now
despise old forms.

So terminates this curious composition in praise of the Jack Ass tribe; the *Latinity* of which is peculiarly well adapted to illustrate the ceremony it was intended to commemorate.

(j) If any man be desirous of a surfeit of laughing, let him but purchase the poems of *Clio Rickman*, and, upon perusal, I will venture my life to a farthing that he allows the dose to be infallible. His lucubrations, indeed, most powerfully bring to my recollection the flights of a writing-master bitten with the divine cacoëthes, who, during my boyish days, composed a prologue to *Cato*, which was to be performed on the breaking up of the seminary for the holidays, four lines of which I perfectly call to mind, viz.

In purple streams I ardently confess
Sweet is the lore that comes with wil-ling-ness.

And again,

Since Fame from her breech such a blast never
blew,
As when Clio's trash met publicity's view ;

Don't say a word—'tis pleasure to relate
Kings and dominions all submit to fate.

This self-dubbed companion of the *Nine* was some years back a most determined advocate for the doctrines of *Tom Paine* ; and such continues to be his reverence for that departed reformer of morality and religion, that he still keeps, as an invaluable relic, the table whereon were written the never-to-be-forgotten Age of Reason and Rights of Man ; which fact the visitant is given to understand from a long inscription upon a brass plate, which now adorns this inestimable treasure ; and, as extraordinary freaks are ever the concomitants of eccentric characters, *Mr. Clio*, to answer some momentous purpose, was no less enamoured of *two-penny loaves*, samples of which, both French and English, he was in the habit of procuring, in order, as it was conjectured, to contemplate the respective sizes of these *staves of life* ; whence he drew a comparison between the prosperity of Gaul and his own native country. Such pursuits are well calculated to immortalize a man of *Mr. Rickman's* comprehensive and exhaustless genius,

Whose stricture shall close with this adage, quite
clear,

Silk purse never yet was produc'd from sow's ear.

and it would be well for innumerable poetasters, who strut in his stilts, were they to adopt similar vagaries, in order to leave to posterity an indelible stamp of their boundless mental capacities. I should have felt extremely happy in obeying Sir Noodle by *tacking the names* of *Clio's* brethren to the present note, but as I fear the list might extend *ad infinitum*, I shall content myself with what has been already advanced upon the score of this gentleman's perceptions, leaving the reader to annex such signatures as may have appeared worthy the distinguished honour of being inscribed with that of the present celebrated character.

After having written the above, I perchance stumbled on a couplet, which I will here insert for the benefit of *Mr. Rickman*, who may doubtless be enabled to turn the same to good account.

The following lines were made by a *Mr. Canfield*, who was employed in rendering the Highlands of Scotland passable, by means of the finest military roads which ever were made in so

wild a country. This gentleman must surely have felt the "fine phrensy" of which the Bard sings, before he could have taken this sublime flight from Parnassus.

Had you but seen these roads—*before they were made,*
You'd lift up your hands, and bless *Marshall Wade.*

Doctor Walcot.

*Quæ mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit,
Vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genæ.*

Ah ! wherefore do I not possess the playful mind of my boyish days ? Why have the roses fled my cheeks, divesting them of youthful beauty ?

— Y EARS back, in his zenith, arch *Walcot* or *Pindar*
Scorch'd feelings of *Majesty* up to a cinder ;
When handling the topic of *creeper* on plate,
That headlong was hurl'd from the *cook's curly pate*.
Nor did he with feelings of *Monarch* less grapple,
On the subject of *paste*, when enclosing an *apple*.

But further to show that the Muses combin'd
To nurture each gem in our *Doctor's* warm mind,
Leave satire, and fly on the wings of the dove,
You'll find him as well vers'd in feeling and love. (1)

nances of our satiric combatants were doubtless of no pleasant cast upon this occasion; wherefore I shall annex an anecdote respecting *Doctor Warburton*, which may, perhaps, tend to give the reader some faint idea of the looks of Messrs. *Walcot* and *Gifford*, upon the meeting in question.

Doctor Warburton being one day in conversation with his bookseller, Churchill happened to come into the shop, and silently observed the right reverend prelate. When he departed, Churchill asked what was the name of the clergyman who had just gone out; and on being told that he was Doctor Warburton, the bishop of Gloucester! Why, he looks as if he would say to the Apostle Paul if he should meet him, D—n you, hold my horse!!!

(1) If *Doctor Walcot* be celebrated as a satirical writer, he is no less capable of producing the amatory and tender styles of poesy, many of which, already before the public, will testify for the veracity of this assertion: in addition to which, a number of manuscript effusions, dedicated to Anacreon and Love, were

In fine, he in gall could the iron point wreak,
 With oil'd silver nib moisten Sympathy's cheek;
 While in honey of Hybla he lav'd golden pen,
 To teach what love should be with children of men.
 If wise, he from Pegasus then had dismounted,
 Nor deeds of the *Cornish-man* ever recounted: (m)
 But such is, alas! the known frailty of man,
 He pursues still the race, tho' his vigour is wan.
 So all closing flights to his mind best appear,
 Tho' the public exclaims—What a falling off here!

some time back lent for the writer's private perusal, which, after this gentleman's demise, will in all probability make their appearance, to charm and astonish the votaries of lyrical compositions.

(m) This pamphlet, which made its appearance in order to ridicule the fact of a bribe having been offered to Lord Sidmouth, at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer, by an ignorant native of Cornwall, for the procurement of a place under government, is one of the most impotent productions that has appeared from the pen of Doctor Walcot.

Great *Pindar*, I grant all the praises thy due ;
But henceforth forget Love and Poetry too :
For age long has clos'd on thee Venus's bowers,
And brandy in vain wou'd awake Poet's powers.
On those laurels acquir'd in thy zenith now rest,
Till the fever of life is extinct in thy breast.
I loye thee, O *Walcot* ! and thus close my metre—
If parted on earth, may we meet above—*Peter*.

Mathias.

Maledicus a malefico non distat nisi occasione.

Quintilian.

The only difference between a slanderer and an evil doer is, that the latter requires an opportunity.

IN lieu of a pen, with a slaught'ring Pean mawl,
Mine eyes I next glance on Mathias's scrawl,
Who, of rancour possess'd, must all talents abuse,
Since one sea of gall his dark pages infuse ;
While a rivulet narrow of poor stinted praise
Scarce sheds a pale gleam o'er his impotent lays.(n)

(n) If a writer be desirous of establishing himself as a candid censor of literature, he should be cautious in his criticisms, and

Each scholar must grant thee true classical know-
ledge;
But to please, we want more than mere scraps from
the college.

not indiscriminately assail with rancour every literary gentleman whose work may chance to meet his eye, as virulence, then, assumes the place of candour; and of such a man we can only say, that

Qui vult cadere canem, facile invenit fustem.

Whoso is desirous of beating a dog, will readily find a stick.

Mr. Mathias's Pursuits of Literature were purchased with avidity, not as I conceive from the work being so generally read and understood, but in consequence of the unvarying ill-nature which characterised its pages, and the fame which it acquired with a set of scholastic critics who haunt the shops of the Piccadilly publishers, and gave it celebrity as a most classical production. For my own part, I must confess this work did not appear to me as deserving of the encomiums lavished upon its style, particularly on reference to the poetry, which never struck me as being above a certain degree of mediocrity; but when the candour of its decisions are examined, no man can regard the

Thy notes, oft lugg'd in, to the purpose don't speak,
 Being solely impress'd to quote Latin and Greek.
 I feel, testy Sir, that, in daring thus write,
 On my head I may draw down your virulent spite :
 Still boldly I dare it, nor deign budge one jot O ;
 I speak as I think, sir, for candour's my motto :
 And, in conning our volumes, the reader I'll swear
 Will allow that my comments than yours are more
 fair.

As a Bard, if I scan you, your labour rehearses
 But specimens few of satirical verses ;

Pursuits of Literature but as a vehicle of the most unprovoked abuse, and rancorous ill-nature. Every individual who publishes certainly lays himself open to criticism; but where the wound can be healed with a salve, there is no need to apply the amputating knife: this, however, was not the opinion of *Mr. Mathias*, who perhaps indulged in such strictures, conceiving them mere *badinage*; but I would reply, in answer to a supposition of this nature,

Tolle jocos—non est jocus esse malignum.

Away with such jests—there is no jest in being malignant.

The charm that commanded your poem's quick sale
Was the vein of ill-nature that ran thro' your tale:
With petulance fraught, you assum'd wisdom's guise,
While invective alone met the cool critic's eyes,
Scurrility's banner—envelop'd in gloom,
You fain would have woven in Wit's sterling loom:
But, alas! sir, the rag, by your noddle unfurl'd,
Was a patch-work to please the mere gossiping
world.

Now buried your labours, as you are forgot,
May such always prove of dark rancour the lot.

Williams,

ALIAS

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

Nec scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello.

Horace.

In using the corrective lash of satire, do not pursue him with a weightier weapon than he deserves.

T RUE critic assassin, with venom'd shaft biting,
Comes *Pasquin*, abhorr'd for *Theatrical writing* ; (o)

(o) As no character can be more appropriately drawn than that which may be found in *Mr. Gifford's Baviad*, I shall here introduce it verbatim, as illustrating the character of the literary personage now under review.

Whose *Children of Thespis* made actors look blue,
With rancour displaying false colours to view?

Why dost thou tack, most simple Anthony,
The name of Pasquin to thy ribald strains;
Is it a fetch of wit to let us see
Thou, like that statue, art devoid of brains?

But thou mistak'st: for know tho' Pasquin's head
Be full as hard and near as thick as thine,
Yet has the world, admiring, on it read
Many a keen gibe, and many a sportive line.

While nothing from thy jobbernowl can spring
But impudence and filth; for wit, alas!
Do what we will 'tis all the same vile thing,
Within all brick-dust, and without all brass.

Then blot the name of Pasquon from thy page
Thou see'st it will not thy poor riff-raff sell:
Some other would'st thou take; I dare engage,
John Williams or *Tom Fool* will do as well.

"It has been represented to me that I should do well to

Not content with the rod, he made use of a stick,
 And in dealing his blows gave a confounded hard
 lick.

“ avoid all mention of this man, from a consideration that one so
 “ lost to all sense of decency and shame was a fitter object for
 “ the beadle than the Muse. This has induced me to lay aside
 “ a second castigation, which I had prepared for him, though I
 “ do not think it expedient to omit what I had formerly written.
 “ One word more—I am told that there are men so weak as to
 “ deprecate this miserable object’s abuse, and so vain, so despi-
 “ cably vain, as to tolerate his praise; for such I have nothing
 “ but pity—though the fate of *Hastings**, see the ‘Pin
 “ Basket to the Children of Thespis,’ holds out a dreadful lesson
 “ to the latter; but should there be a man or a woman, however
 “ high in rank, base enough to purchase the venal pen of this
 “ miscreant for the sake of traducing innocence and virtue; then—

* The poem of the *Children of Thespis* was dedicated to Governor *Hastings*, and, during the trial of that persecuted gentleman, *Pasquin* proffered his literary services, which were, however, politely rejected; when some letters of a threatening nature passed, in the hope of procuring remuneration for puff direct paragraphs, concerning *Mr. Hastings*, which not being productive of the desired effect, *Pasquin* published the last of these epistles in his *Pin Basket*, in order to give (what he construed such conduct to be) a detail of the most finished human ingratitude.

He ne'er, when he black-balls, of feeling hath bowels,
Instead of hair pencil resorting to trowels;
Wherewith he so daubs the poor wretched defaulter,
He nought has to do but procure a good halter.
Good Lord! were each actor who merits the rope,
To use, *bona fide*, an elegant *trope*,

“ I was about to threaten, but it is not necessary—the profligate cowards who employ Anthony can know no severer punishment than the support of a man whose acquaintance is *infamy* and whose touch is *poison*.”

Upon this unvarnished attack making its appearance, *Williams* became infuriate, and he, in consequence, commenced legal proceedings against several venders of the *Baviad*, when, instead of receiving any redress from this appeal to a court of judicature in vindication of his aspersed character, the judge, on the contrary, observed, that no man should enter a court of justice to ask damages for a libel who was himself a libeller; that the plaintiff, in question, was one of the latter description of persons, having “*ate his libel, drank his libel, and slept upon his libel*.” In consequence of which a verdict was given in favour of the defendants.

How few would be found to exert *Thespis'* pow'r,
 By strutting and sweating on boards the short hour,
 Since half of the wearers of *buskin* and *sock*
 Would dangle like pendulum fix'd to a clock !
 Our *Anthony* now has recourse to his fort ;
 True *Bondsman*, that's fed by a *slave of the Court*. (p)

(p) It is most curious to observe the tergiversation which frequently occurs in the conduct of literary characters ; for though *Pasquin* be now employed as *dramatic censor*, *Parisian correspondent*, and *paragraph inditer*, by the clerical baronet of *Catherine-street*, yet there was a period when no two individuals were greater opponents ; and such were then the nature of *Anthony's* philippics against *Bate Dudley*, that the latter threatened him with a *horse-whipping* ; upon which the former cancelled the offending paragraph, and inserted an humble apology for his " *Error*." Indeed, the above is not the only instance wherein this satirist has been subjected to the threat of castigation, as the case of *Mr. Barrymore the comedian*, and others, will fully demonstrate.

The famous *Peter Aretin*, who wielded the pen far better than the sword, having warmly espoused the part of *Titian*

•

His strictures evince no one portion of merit,
Condensing mere virulence void of all spirit :
Like poor mawkish *Hill*, who pretends to Essays, (q)
Thus handling performers, and judging of plays.

against *Tintoret*, in a dispute which had arisen between them, the latter resenting this behaviour, and being well acquainted with the timidity of *Aretin*, met him purposely one day near his own dwelling, into which he pressed him to enter that he might draw the portrait of so celebrated a character. The poet consented, when the artist, to his visible horror, advanced fiercely towards him with a pistol in his hand. "Alas!" said the satirist, "what are you going to do?" "I only mean to take your precise measure," answered *Tintoret*. "You are, I perceive, just four times and a half the length of my pistol." *Aretin*, however, not feeling any relish for such a prelude, ran away as fast as possible, without waiting to sit for his portrait,

Οὐτ' αὐτὸς κακὰ τεύχεσιν ἀνὴρ, ἀλλὰ τεύχεσιν.

Such revengeful spirits, who prosecute their resentments with precipitancy against others; very frequently find the weightiest part of punishment devolves upon themselves.

(q) The gentleman mentioned in the above line formerly

Conjoin'd with a *Williams*, their trash yields no
fewel;

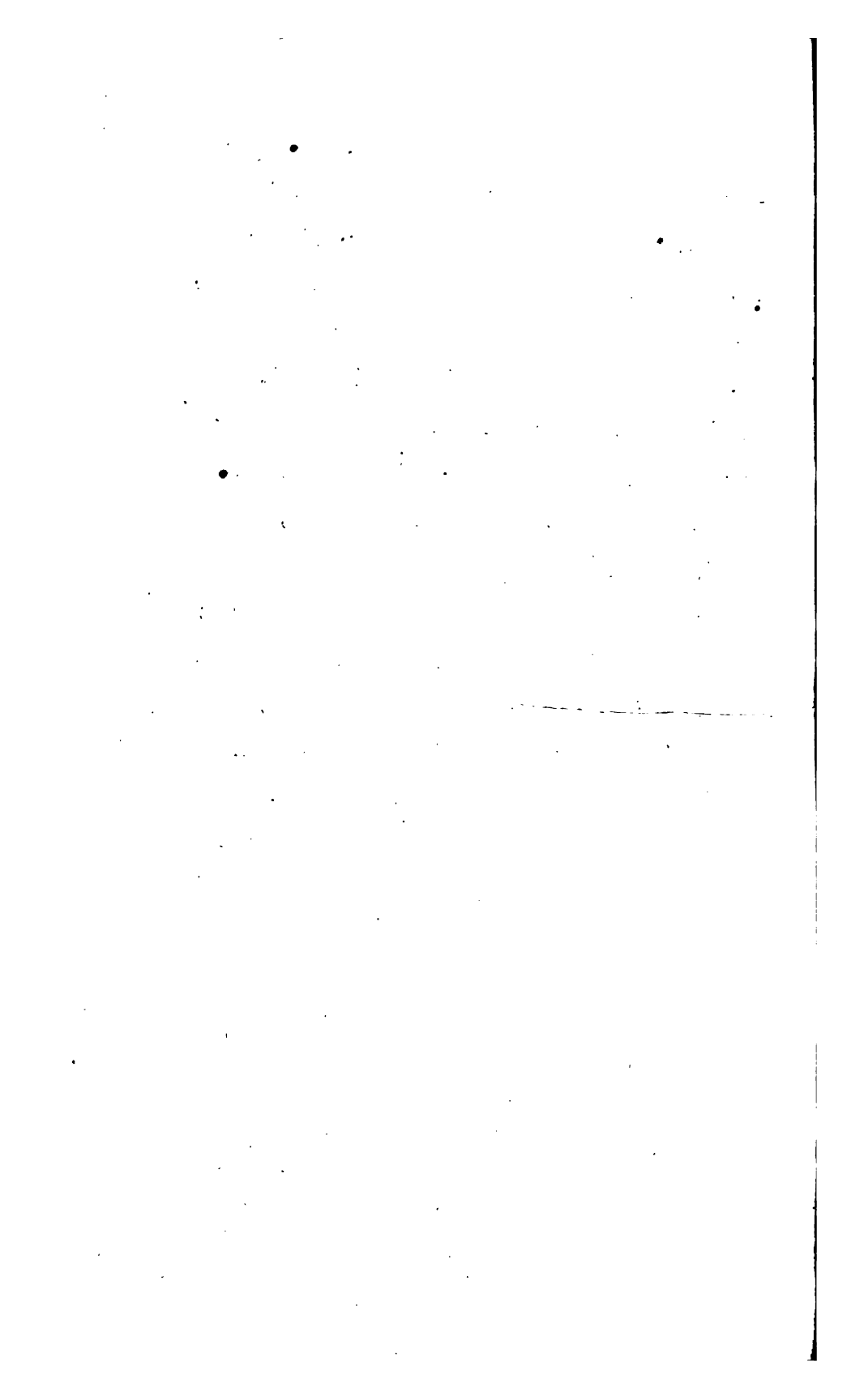
Bereft of *Sel Attic*, 'tis mere water-gruel :

Their mind's cacoëthes *dramatic pursuit*,

In collecting aught else but proficients acute.

figured as shopman at an oil warehouse, of which firm he afterwards became a partner, and from that epoch dedicated his mind to the study of theatricals; when, conceiving that as a critic he was gifted with two ingredients to be purchased in his own shop, viz. *oil* and *vinegar*, he suddenly emerged from obscurity, and stood forth the editor of the *Monthly Mirror*. Since that period, however, the *pepper of poverty* subdued the *verjuice firm*, and the *Mirror* no longer reflected the censor's lucubrations: still, in defiance of fate, he once more ascends *Hill* difficulty, and appears the *Sunday Champion*, wherein the public are favoured with such *leading articles*—[Vide *Sunday Paper* for Jan. 14th, 1814]—as never before appeared for the amusement and instruction of the public. I shall now bid mine hero farewell, wishing him success, in order that he may long indulge in quaffing his favourite wines, *Champagne* and *Burgundy*.

Ah me! that some pen—true theatrical plough,
As it turn'd the soil erst, would show what it is *now* :
In style of a *Churchill* impartially show
Of tragic and comic Muse eke friend and foe.
And whereas we are told that each scenic display
To each auditor's hearing should moral convey, .
Let dramatists also with vigour be greeted,
And, as their works merit, be candidly treated.
From some sterling Muse we require such a flight ;
There's scope both for censure and praise to unite.
That this hint may be taken is all I demand ;
Our soil needs the culture of satire's bold hand.



Dramatists.

Πολλοὶ μὲν γὰρ θηκοφόροι παῦροι δὲ τὲ βέλχοντες.

There are many prate of Robin Hood who never yet shot in his bow.

O ! now for Melpomene's buskins to strut in,
And sock of Thalia my trotters to put in ;
That so I the writers dramatic may quote well,
Defaulters condemn, and the praise-worthy note
well :

Since to one that's allur'd with the *Right*—'midst
a throng

Whole legions inculcate with rapture *The Wrong*.

So the scribe who disseminates one germ of vice,

To the practice of evil will thousands entice ;

Wherefore, such as appear thus our morals to
slaughter,

I protest, by the Lord, shall experience no quarter.

My chorus concluded, the curtain must rise,

When writers dramatic in crowds meet my eyes ;

As my prompter, with care I the Muse keep in view,

And, in hope that I never may swerve from her cue,

The acts of my melo-drame straight I'll rehearse,

And extol as it suits me—or play quart and tierce.

From hence, tho' departed to death's chill abode,

A *Macklin* still lives in his *Love-a-la-Mode* ;

While the banner of fame must for aye be unfurl'd

When Thespians enact sterling *Man of the World*.

Inurn'd I must here, too, a *Murphy* enrol,

Whose tragical Muse cou'd the passions control,

And *Cumberland's* genius, scarce tinctur'd with fail-
ing,

For sentiment fam'd, must be ever prevailing.

From flights senatorial *Sheridan's* brain

With energy pictures true comedy's vein ;

A *Rivals*, *Duenna*, and *Critic*, must rule

In regions dramatic—while *Scandal's just School*,

Display'd in our writer, when wielding the pen,

A knowledge consummate of manners and men. (r)

(r) One note will be sufficient to condense the names of *Macklin*, *Murphy*, *Cumberland*, and *Sheridan*, whose respective dramatic talents have so uniformly been sanctioned by public applause, that it is but to mention each writer, and the meed of praise must consequently follow. *Macklin*, though not a voluminous contributor to scenic representations, has condensed *multum in parvo*, by showing a complete knowledge of the practices of the stage, and an acute perception of human life: his characters are drawn with the hand of a master, who felt no diffidence in the accomplishment of the task which he had proposed to himself to execute. *Murphy*, treading in the old school of the drama, has left to posterity the lasting memorials of what may be produced by a combination of genius and classical

Insur'd to the boards—not divested of grace,
 The veteran *Waldron* shall here claim a place,
 While all traits of beauty dramatic conjoin
 To blazon with honour departed *Burgoyne*.
 For musical flight *Diddin* took his degree,
 When fitting in *Padlock* true *Harmony's Key*;
 Nor ever shall candour while talents claim praise
 In silence contemplate the versatile lays

acquirements; his tragic powers are of the first class, and must continue to interest, while Melpomene finds a sanctuary in a British theatre. The versatile talents of *Cumberland*, and the rapidity of his pen, sometimes prompted him to write without sufficient consideration, and a few of his theatrical labours were in consequence condemned by the audience; but while his *West Indian*, *Wheel of Fortune*, and his *Jew*, are performed, their trifling demerits will always be forgotten, and such pieces receive the sanction of a gratified public. To praise the acknowledged sterling pieces of *Sheridan*, would only be an echo of the above lines; his claims to theatrical excellence are indelibly stamped upon the minds of the amateurs of the drama, and it is only to be regretted that an individual, thus gifted, should have proved so sparing of the great talents which nature has bestowed upon him.

Of *Colman*, whose irony aptly can hit

Our follies, thus fraught with intuitive wit, (s)

(s) The stage veteran *Waldron*, a downright enthusiast in his profession, very respectably exerted his talents in the dramatic line; while the late *General Burgoyne*, uniting all the acquirements of a polished gentleman, an intimate acquaintance with high life, and the most finished style of composition, has enriched the stage with specimens of genteel comedy, which fully entitled him to that universal praise he enjoyed while living, and the fame which has followed him in death. Of the late *Mr. Dibdin*, whether considered as a writer or musical composer for the stage, it is impossible to say too much; his genius in either walk was prolific in the extreme; and when I state that no man, perhaps, ever yet produced so much for the gratification of all classes of society, I shall not only keep within the pale of veracity, but offer a just panegyric to one of the most powerful supporters of operatic exhibitions that has appeared since the first establishment of a British place of scenic entertainment. To the voluminous labours of the elder *Colman* the theatric boards are highly indebted; but it is to his son, the present dramatist, that every praise is due: his wit is intuitive, and it is impossible to find, in private society, any companion so aptly formed by nature for social enjoyments; indeed, in speaking of this gentle-

As *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, sworn playwrights of
yore,
Increas'd of theatrical labours the store,

man, we may justly apply the words of *Shakspeare*, where he
says,

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue—(conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravish'd,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Independent of his numerous scenic labours, *Mr. G. Colman* has no less endeared himself to the literary world, by humorous tales, handled in a metrical manner completely his own; in short, he seems to possess an inexhaustible fund of mirth-moving wit, which is ever found to diversify his dramatic productions, and thus ensure the favour of a British public.

So *Reynolds* and *Morton*, in fetters dramatic,
 Sometimes warble poorly, at others chromatic; (t)
 No fix'd mode of writing enchains their career,
 Two vapours that light the theatrical sphere.
 An *Inchbald* respectably blazons my theme,
 While *Tobin* with vigour dispenses his beam;
 Reviving a style by our forefathers known, (u)
 Which moderns can never make too much their own.

(t) It is a generally received opinion, that two heads are better than one; but in the present instance the adage is not proved infallible, as very little connected with true theatrical talent is discernible in the several productions of this dramatic combination.

(u) From the pen of *Mrs. Inchbald* several pieces have appeared, among which we may rank the *Midnight Hour*, as having justly acquired a greater share of celebrity: her style, as a dramatist, is far above the common standard of writing, and in other branches of literature she has no less been honoured with the approval of the public. *Mr. Tobin*, who unfortunately did not live to enjoy the gratification of hearing his merits publicly extolled, has only illumined the theatrical hemisphere with his productions for the last few years; the energy of his language has been universally allowed, and the arrangement of his ideas,

To German philosophy's system allied,
 And politics veering from common sense wide,
 Comes *Holcroft*, to trace out of *Ruin the Road*,
 While his *Man of Ten Thousand* paints Virtue's abode.
 A *Walpole* for love of vertù far renown'd,
 Shall next with his brethren dramatic be bound ;
 Whose brain deeply tinctured with furor monastic,
 Possess'd not of genius the fancy elastic,
 So trac'd of a *Matron Mysterious* the tale,
 Whose numbers quite turgid, foul incest unveil. (v)

in the manner of Shakspeare, confer the highest honour upon the figurative powers of his fancy. It is only to be regretted, that the management of a theatre should be so faulty as to suffer performances of this meritorious description to remain neglected from year to year, while palky compositions, aided by some trifling interest, have, in the interval, been obtruded upon the public, in contempt of an enlightened audience, and to the flagrant disgrace of the managers of an institution who could tolerate such a violation of every principle of justice and decorum.

(v) If Mr. Holcroft's dramatic essays are not of the first class, they at all events afforded amusement to the public ; indeed,

Of themes operatic the page to explore,
 Fam'd harmony's vehicles stand *Cobb* and *Hoare*.
 For while a *Storace* usurps sov'reign power,
 The *Pirates* must prosper and *Sprites Haunt the*
Tower. (*w*)

from the general tenour of this gentleman's writings, one could not have expected that he would delineate such characters as Goldfinch, in the Road to Ruin: his thoughts were of the sombre cast, and tinctured with all those new-fangled philosophical tenets, which, instead of instilling cheerfulness over the mind, cast the gloom of despondency and dissatisfaction. From the nature of the drama it was impossible that the Mysterious Mother of the Earl of Orford could ever be represented to a British audience: the whole mechanism of the piece hinges upon an incestuous intercourse between the mother and her son, every scene partakes of the gloom of the cloister, no under-plot enlivens the monotony of the subject, and the language, though pompous at intervals, does not elicit any sparks of mental refinement.

(*w*) Aided by the powerful talents of the late justly celebrated *Storace*, Messrs. *Cobb* and *Hoare* have figured ably in the ope-

Bedeck'd with the trappings of parsonic state,
 True *Herald* of trash, struts the *Baronet Bate*,
 Who living will ne'er be awaken'd to shame
 Since Ruse ever ranks with the Cloth as *Fair Game*.
 From wolds and his greyhounds a *Topham* next
 courses,
 And starts for the plate with our Thespian forces;
 The palfrey he rode on prov'd faulty indeed,
 For broke was his neck by the *Westminster* breed. (x)

ratic department; not that I mean to say much in commendation of the pieces these gentlemen have produced, when considered in a literary point of view, for where performances are made the vehicles of harmony, it is of little consequence what trash be now foisted on the public; some years back the case widely differed, but *tempora mutantur, &c.*

(x) This clerical baronet has vainly endeavoured to gain a footing upon the theatrical boards, his dramatic efforts being of the most mediocre cast, not to say in some respects indecorous: after such vain attempts, it would therefore be advisable that he

In garb of deception boy *Ireland* now view,
With *Vortigern* dauntlessly brave critic crew;
Thus proving mere childhood can acumen blind,
And veil youthful faults with bright flashes of mind.
For rant, long establish'd, an *Holman* must write:
His at *Home* was *Abroad*; a poltroon prov'd his
Knight. (y)

should continue to issue forth his puny attempts at *Shakspe-rian imitation*; indeed, his own morning print is the best vehicle for giving publicity to the lucubrations of himself and his worthy compeer *Anthony Pasquin*. As to *Major Topham*, of greyhound and sporting celebrity, I would most seriously advise him to stick to the breed of dogs rather than attempt in future to amuse an English audience; for, after the justly merited fate of *Small Talk*, or the *Westminster Boy*, what can be expected to emanate from such a Muse but the most consummate nonsense?

(y) The fate of *Vortigern* is well known to the public; it was the effusion of a youth of eighteen, and, if not possessed of some beauties when read in the closet, the wisest and most able critics must have been most egregiously deceived. After the above piece had been brought forth among the fabricated

Monk Lewis, of trick most consummate projector,
Bamboozled John Bull with his *Castle and Spectre*; (x)

papers attributed to *Shakspeare*, a second play, entitled *Henry II.* was produced by young Ireland; and, after his confession of the forgery, was also written a play under the title of *Mutius Scevola*. With respect to the merits of this writer, whose works are very numerous, it would be unfair to have recourse to the reviewers; the stigma of having deceived the public uniformly follows his career, and, be his efforts what they may, the lash of severest criticism at all times pursues him. It is said, however, that many productions from his pen have appeared without any signature, which have been much commended: it is therefore to be regretted that this gentleman does not avow to the world all he has written, that they may be fully enabled to appreciate the extent of his literary acquirements. Having adverted above to the subject of the Shaksperian forgery, I cannot, as appertaining to the *Belles Lettres*, here omit the insertion of the following anecdote, which, for its singularity, surpasses even the attempts of Chatterton, Lauder, or Ireland.

Pere Hardouin, a Jesuit, strove, about the middle of the last century, to gain immortality by dispossessing the *Latin poets*, in particular, of their seats in Parnassus; the idea propagated by this father was, that, about 350 years ago, when learning was re-

Which, alas! in their trammels gave folly full sways.
But, the fever subsided, we greet Reason's ray.

viving in the north of Europe, a set of Literati, all protestants, united to form a body of fictitious poems, congenial to a few which were really extant; to these they prefixed the respectable names of *Virgil*, *Ovid*, &c. In short, the good Jesuit only allowed, as genuine, the *Georgics* of *Virgil*, the *Epistles* of *Horace*, and a few more fragments. Some regarded this treatise as the offspring of a frenzied brain, while others conjectured that *Hardouin* was encouraged by his brethren in this attack on the pillars of literature, in order that, should he succeed, and introduce again into the world the obscurity of former ages, the clergy might then resume that superiority which the learned will always be able to support among the ignorant. The cry was, however, so loud against this ridiculous system, that the author was abandoned, and even cried down by the votaries of his own order.

Lauder, a learned but petulant North Briton, assaulted the reputation of *Milton*, about the same period, with the same success; but his motive for the attack was, avowedly, envy at the preference given by *Pope* to that great Bard above "one *Johnstone*," whose works *Lauder* was concerned in publishing.

Charles Dibdin, and *Tom*, worthy chips of the block,
Pen language and songs for the wearers of sock ;
While, bold and unblushing, comes *Theodore Hooke*,
For ever enroll'd in rank plagiarist's book.

(2) Write when he will, and what he will, spectres must attend this gentleman's Muse ; of whom having previously spoken, I shall content myself with offering my congratulations upon the run of his piece, without mentioning one syllable in commendation of his dramatic style, or the *Clap-Trap* system which he has uniformly adopted during the progress of his theatrical career. The two younger *Dibdins*, pursuing the track of the parent, have indefatigably laboured in their literary and musical avocations : they are far from being deficient on the score of talent, and their uniform industry entitles them to the highest commendation. *Mr. Theodore Hooke*, full of eccentricity, and who exists but to partake of the gratifications of life, is now absent from England : that he possesses talents cannot be denied ; but, like many men of ability, his natural unstableness debars him from adopting any fixed mode of action : one hint, however, it is necessary that I should give this gentleman, whose effrontery in having produced *Tekeli* as his own (which is a translation verbatim from the French), may be esteemed one of the most flagrant proceedings that ever characterized the conduct of a dramatic writer : a plagiarist, when delicately concealed, we can willingly pardon ; but

Nan Brand, once assail'd with Melpomene's fury,
Was d——n'd, with her piece, by an horse-laughing
jury :

While *West* on dramatical stream safely glides,
Depicting an *Edmund*, surnam'd *Ironsides* :
To whom add a *Chambers*, whose pen aptly blends
True merits dramatic in *School for her Friends*. (a)

to father the whole production of another, and stand forth to the world with such a barefaced untruth, is a mode of action which could not even have been expected from the thoughtless dramatist of whom I have spoken.

—————*Movet cornicula risum*

Furtivis nudata coloribus.

Horace.

The crow when stript of her borrowed plumes excites our laughter.

(a) It is melancholy to observe how some persons wilfully endeavour to force themselves into publicity, without possessing an attribute that can entitle them to merit that praise which they are so assiduously bent upon obtaining. *Miss Hannah Brand*, the very able mistress of a lady's seminary, not only con-

With *Castle of Wolmer* comes tame *Doctor Houlton*,
 Whose Muse rode, alas! but a poor ragged colton :
 And *Kenny*, true man of the world, tunes his mind;
False Alarms he'll despise, when he's *Raising the*
Wind.

Friends *Hulston* and *Smith* jointly court approbation;
 While versatile *Allingham* loves *Transformation* :

ceived herself capable of writing for the stage, but actually came forward as the performer of the heroine in her own piece, which was a tragedy entitled *Uniades*. On the night of representation the writer of this note was present, and never were the wearers of the buskin greeted with such incessant peals of laughter: the tragedy was rendered into broad farce, which the solemn demeanour of our heroine, who did not expect the transmogrification, tended to increase throughout each successive act. Let the reader, however, judge for himself as to matters as they stood after perusal of the following fact. The late *Mr. R. Palmer*, who performed the part of the tyrant ravisher, instead of ordering old *Packer* in the following words, "*Rise up Oriudes*," literally exclaimed, to the prostrate actor, "*Rise up old Ragged A—x.*"

To Mesdames *West* and *Chambers* much praise is due for their endeavours to increase the theatrical budget: their style is

For Frolics of Fortune, like Promise of Marriage,
He deems *All a Farce*, doom'd to *Fatal Miscar-*
riage. (b)

correct, and language pure ; nor do we find any of those hyperbolic flights for which female writers, and particularly for the stage, are frequently censured with becoming justice.

(b) Having witnessed the first night's representation of *The Castle of Wolmer*, I have only to acquaint its author that he had better—" *Sleep in Peace.*" *Kenny* possesses some requisites for broad farce, but he is not sufficiently skilful in the concealment of his plagiaries. This gentleman is, I believe, an heirloom to Covent Garden theatre, receiving an annual stipend for his dramatic efforts ; I would therefore advise the managers not to grapple at too much, but permit him to write less and think more. *Hulston* and *Smith* rank nearly upon a par : we know their names as caterers for the theatre, and little more is necessary ; their productions certainly will not outlive their memories. *Mr. Allingham* has not proved himself an indolent purveyor for the dramatic corps ; in some instances we have witnessed flashes from the fancy of this gentleman, but, like most of the moderns, he appreciates the acquirement of fame by the *quantum* which a writer can produce. Add to these the name of *Mr. Lawler*, who brought forward a piece called *Sharp and*

George Brewer, with frowns of the world looking
wan,

Too oft hath experienc'd his *Day of Banyan*.

Recorded, *Charles Kemble* must stand, as translator,

And *Skeffy*, of *Melo Drames* noted dictator :

Nor slight we friend *Farley*, possessing attraction,

In planning his *Ballets*, horrific, of *Action*. (c)

Flat, the conclusive word of which title is, in every respect, applicable to the nature of the dramatic effort in question.

(c) *Mr. George Brewer* has more than once attempted scenic compositions, and in his efforts to produce humour, he soars above mediocrity ; but the literary fame of this personage is better appreciated by consulting his labours as an essayist in the style of *Goldsmith*, in which department he has a very happy flow of delivery. The younger *Kemble* is only known in the light of a translator ; he is well acquainted with the arcana of stage-trick, and in pursuing this humble line may benefit himself and his employers, without setting his fame on the hazard of the die. As for *Mr. John Philip*, the tragedian of the same name, he once entered the flowery pastures of poesy, and produced a volume of miscellaneous metrical scraps, of which it will be sufficient to state, that the author is himself so

But these flights of warm fancy with fame to endow,
Creating 'mongst playwrights a terrible row ;
Shall chronicle *Bishop*, whose *Feast of Oronzo*
Stabs sense as *Pizarro* is kill'd by *Alonzo* ;
Since never was scribe yet so *non compos mentis*,
And ranking of Bathos more sterling apprentice: (d)

truly ashamed, that he has, at a vast expense, repurchased and destroyed nearly all the copies that were ushered forth to the public. The performances of *Mr. Skeffington*, like his person, are of the tinsel order; he plunders scraps from all the old French and Italian compositions, and of this amalgama, or patch-work, furbishes up a something of the butterfly breed, which lives for a day and then is heard no more. *Farley*, without attempting what he would be unable to achieve, is satisfied with the honest endeavour of benefiting himself and his employers, by producing a species of spectacle, which, if, from its nature, placed without the pale of criticism, is nevertheless eagerly sought for by the public; and, therefore, whatsoever may be the writer's opinion, as to what is strictly due to the legitimate stage, this gentleman, obedient only to the taste of the times, acts accordingly; and in his vocation, it is but justice to add, no individual has ever yet surpassed him.

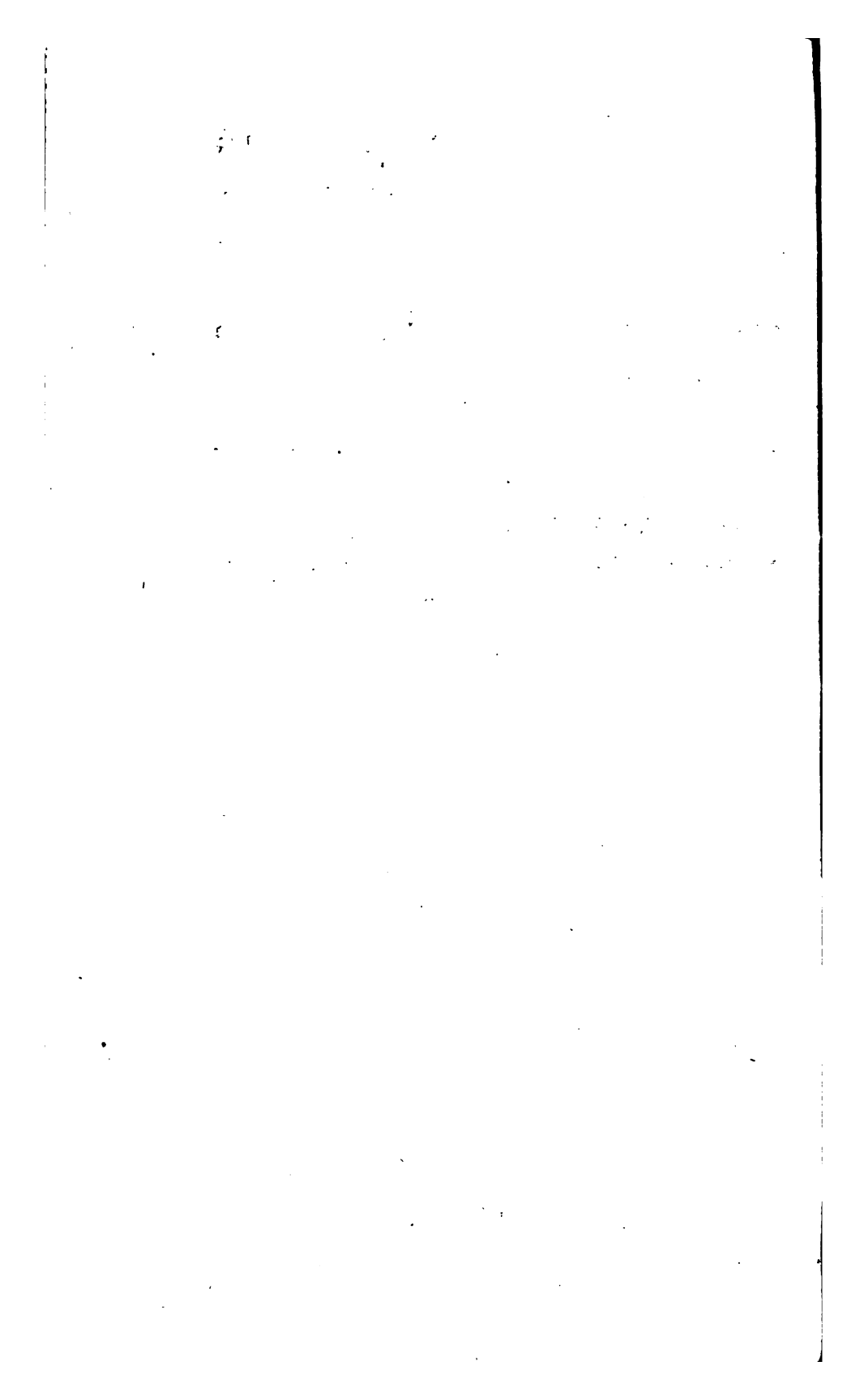
(d) The personage above mentioned was butler in a gentleman's family, and having lost his wits like many other writers,

Thus from authors dramatic retiring, I'll now
To the foremost, and fag-end, most humbly make
bow.

who notwithstanding conceive themselves in possession of every sane faculty, took it into his head that he could compose a tragedy; which was executed accordingly; when, in order to benefit the poor fellow in a pecuniary point of view, subscriptions were collected by his late employer, from persons of fashion, in order to have the piece elegantly printed in quarto, with decorative engravings. One of these volumes the writer hereof has partly perused; and if it were possible to conceive what a thousand personages writing a thousand lines promiscuously would produce, then may the subject matter of *Oronzo's Feast* be truly defined. Having now come to a close with the dramatic literary corps, I must request the pardon of many personages, whose names are not inscribed in the poem of *Sir Noodle*, or my own elaborate annotations; such individuals, for instance, as *Boaden*, the author of *Fontainville Forest*, who, some years back, intended "*To tip Billy Shakspeare the go by*;" but, unfortunately for the public, has not yet been as good as his word. *Apropos*, one more individual shall blazon my page, viz. the late *Miles Peter Andrews*, from whose pen, it must be confessed, many well written prologues and epilogues

My candour must strike ev'ry playwright, I'm cer-
tain ;
The piece, therefore, closing, I drop the green
curtain.

have appeared, which, I believe, without a single exception,
received the most flattering applause that could possibly ac-
company such species of compositions.



Romance Writers.

Majorem fidem homines adhibent eis quæ non intelligunt. Cupidine humani ingenii libentius obscura creduntur.

Pliny.

Men are usually prone to believe that which they least comprehend; and, through the instability of human wit, obscure things are thus more easily accredited.

ASSIST me, ye gods, this dread task to subdue,
My muse 'gins to flag, though the theme's scarce in
view;
The names wou'd engross quarto volume;—while
folio
Wou'd not contain titles of works, wondrous olio:

My task, then, must be to select from the crowd,
While the phalanx, by hundreds, in note I'll en-
shroud.

Ah ! prove then, ye Nine, and Apollo propitious !
Unaided by you my gall'd nag will grow vicious ;
When I shall my saddle incontinent lose,
And reap, for my pains, the loud laugh of the
muse. (e)

(e) Nothing more powerfully displays that men are all but children of a larger growth, than the extraordinary predilection which is more or less manifested by every rank of society for the perusal of the marvellous. Nay even though we pretend to deride the idea of supernatural agency, we are, nevertheless, fond of listening to the detail of any narrative, avouched as a fact, though it is in direct opposition to the tenets we profess. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that *Milton*, *Locke*, and *Dr. Johnson*, should have felt interested in the perusal of romances, and the fables of knights errant and their persecuted dulcineas. Within the last twenty years the leading features of romance writing have undergone a complete change, as no production of this nature can go down, the drama of which is not performed in a catholic country, and the burthen of the tale connected with some wandering spirit of the night.

On this perilous sea, then, my vessel I'll steer;
O! may I from shoals and from quicksands get
clear!

To *Clara Reeve* and *Sir Horace Walpole* we are greatly indebted for this species of composition, which afterwards received additional strength from the German productions respecting the Illuminati, Rosicrucians, &c. &c., while, with giant strides, a *Radcliffe* and *Monk Lewis* appeared with lucubrations that made the former tales of the nursery appear as so many insignificant pigmies. In the old romances we find no mention of ghosts; but, in lieu of such fitting agency, if we refer to the black letter translations, for the which we are indebted to *Sir John Bourchier, Knight, Lord Berners*, we shall perceive many which possess a great share of merit. The *Mort D'Arthur* abounds with picturesque scenes, particularly one, where the effect of the "*stroke dolorous*," is described. "*Huon of Bourdeaux*" has conferred obligations on many subsequent writers, which they had not the gratitude to acknowledge. His wild and picturesque stories of *Judas* whirling about in the sea, and of *Cain* in the desert, with an attendant friend, have supplied *M. Petit de la Croix* with the most interesting parts of his *Persian Tales*; nor has *Huon's* "*Castle of Adamant*" been spared by the same plagiarist.—There is a romance little known, called "*Galienus Restored*," which, from the specimen given by an ingenious French writer, must be very inte-

Romancers stand forth :—novel scribes straight arise,
Whose furor consists in retailing *huge lies*.

resting. The account of a visit, which, the author says, *Charlemagne* and his twelve peers paid to an *Emperor Hugo* of *Constantinople*, and the reception which that prince gave to them, is, as the same writer expresses it, “ Un des plus grand naïvetés qu’on ait jamais écrites.” After a magnificent entertainment these guests were conducted to a sumptuous bed-chamber by Prince *Tiberius* and the lovely Princess *Jacqueline*. Thirteen pompous beds ornamented the apartment; that in the middle was for *Charlemagne*, who, not being sleepy, proposed to amuse himself with his knights by a species of conversation which the author of the romance calls “ *Gaber*,” and which consisted of the most improbable rhodomontades; from whence, it is conjectured, is derived “ *The Gift of the Gab*.” The emperor himself began by vaunting that, with his good sword *Joyeuse*, he could cut a man in twain, though defended by the best tempered steel. *Orlando*, his nephew, professed that, with a blast of his horn, he would level with the ground fifty fathoms of the walls of *Constantinople*; and thus every peer made his boast, when, the *Gabs* being completed, the party composed themselves to sleep, which would not have been the case had they known what awaited them the ensuing morning. Now it chanced that the *Emperor Hugo*, expect-

In mazes monastic of *Strawberry Hill*,
Sir Horace first issu'd the marvellous pill ;
His brain teeming hot with the chivalrous rant, O!
Engender'd the *Giant*, and *Castle Otranto* : (f)

ing much from the conversation of thirteen such paragons of valour and wisdom, placed a spy, who was directed to note every word which passed, and report the same early in the morning. The commission was faithfully executed, and the result made known to *Hugo*, who was so disappointed to find, in the room of the wise maxims he had expected, such a farrago of lies, that, unmindful of the laws of hospitality, he sent word to the whole party, that, unless each performed the purport of his "*Gab*," he had made an oath to hang up every one of them, not excepting the great *Charlemagne* himself. The remainder of the story is too long, too profane, and much too free for this work ; wherefore those who are desirous of ascertaining how the emperor and his peers extricated themselves from the scrape must consult *Menage*, who will inform them of the humanity of Princess *Jacqueline*, and of the very different figure which a celestial messenger made by undertaking a business *quite out of his line*.

(f) The style of this would-be flight of fancy, like the dull monotonous language of the *Mysterious Mother* before men-

A stupid, incongruous, blundering tale,
The *rank* of whose writer alone caus'd its sale ;
Since, had Leadenhall's *Lane* seen the work, I'll be
bound,
To possess it he would not have proffer'd five pound.
Not thus of *The Old English Baron* we'll speak,
Of falsehoods now extant a most happy freak ; (g)

tioned, is a further convincing proof of its writer's total incapacity to produce any composition bearing the stamp of originality and genius. As a compiler of the *Anecdotes of Painting and Engraving*, *Lord Orford* appears in a respectable light ; but for the accomplishment of any literary attempt beyond the mere drudgery of research he never was intended by nature ; and, consequently, the world would have lost nothing had his romance and his drama *existed* only in the mazes of his lordship's pericranium.

(g) There is a simplicity in the style and a constant interest kept up throughout the tale of *Miss Reeve's Old English Baron*, which must command the plaudits even of the most fastidious advocates for literature ; for myself I am free to confess that I perused its pages with infinite pleasure ; nor is there, in my

For which I must compliment scribe *Clara Reeve*
As the lady most able to lie and deceive ;
By hobgoblins bit, and knights errant, her hosts,
She brought forth, at length, a complete brace of
ghosts ;
While story of Dame and her murder'd *Lord Lovel*
Hath made Miss oft cold as *Sir Cloudesly Shovell*,
I mean marble effigy greeting the eyes,
Which smother'd with wig in the *Abbey* snug lies.
The name of a *Lee*, next, my muse shall impress,
Who bewitch'd youths and maids with her charm-
ing *Recess* ;
A tale that condenses some truth with much fiction,
And is passably fair on the score of its diction. (*h*)

humble opinion, a better fiction now extant among the countless works of the same description which have since been handed from the circulating libraries.

(*h*) *Miss Lee's Recess* is ably put together ; she has blended truth with fiction in a masterly way, and the only fault of this production is the tediousness of the last volume.

Anne Radcliffe, Leviathan fam'd of romance, (i)
With grand cacoethes throws reason in trance.
Descriptions she gives both by sea and by land,
But the devil a soul can the scene understand ;

(i) Much has been said respecting the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, from the pen of the above lady ; but I have no hesitation in stating that I should never for a moment balance in awarding the preference to the *Romance of the Forest*. In the first-mentioned production the descriptions are carried on to an extent that not only renders them tedious, but unintelligible ; and I very much query if two, and sometimes three of *Sonini's* Alpine pictures were not condensed into one by the author upon these occasions. But the most flagrant defect in this performance is the miserable *denouement* of what constituted such unceasing terror during so many thick volumes ; I mean a mere effigy in wax behind a curtain, which every reader is prompted to believe a more horrific spectacle than ever before met human optics. The *Romance of the Forest*, on the contrary, is replete with interest ; such actions, such scenery, and such characters might, and doubtless have, existed ; and for this plain reason do I prefer the last mentioned volumes. As to *Mrs. Radcliffe's* productions, taken in the aggregate, they undoubtedly prove her to have possessed a most fertile imagination combined with no small share of literary acumen.

While villains so often assume diff'rent scowls,
And glare with their goggles; they needs must be
owls.

Add misses most constant in caverns and thickets,
Who, drench'd, ne'er catch colds, though without
change of smickets.

Young knights that on love are so constantly think-
ing,

They scorn the stale fashion of eating and drinking.
With these ably hash up dark tall waving trees,
High ramparts, watch-turrets, cloud-capp'd Pyre-
nees;

A horde of banditti; a mysterious monk;
Their readers, by heavens, are all in a funk.

Lo! such prov'd the spells whereby publishers
sweated

For profit, first paying those hundreds *Ann* netted.

We next turn to *Lewis*, of monkish renown, (*j*)

Who tickled the fancies of girls of the town;

(*j*) Having previously commented *Mr. Lewis's* productions
under the head of poetry, I shall content myself by stating,

To whom let's subjoin female sprig of *Jew King*,
That makes her lewd heroine act the same thing (*k*)

that, from this writer's horrid predilection, he would not have found a bad auxiliary in *Mr. Urquhart*, of the navy department in *Somerset House*, whose taste, as a book and print collector, is further extended to a predilection for the ropes which have ended the career of all our notorious malefactors; which relics might have afforded ample scope for the production of the terrific from *Monk Lewis's* pen. Strange, however, as this branch of collecting may be deemed, I do not see but much good may result from the same; as upon reviewing each life-bereaving cord, the possessor cannot fail to recur to the particular crime of the man whose career it was instrumental in terminating; and from thence a train of reflections, no doubt, occupy the mind of *Mr. Urquhart*, as to the baleful effect of indulging, to excess, certain passions of the human heart, which more or less contributed to the disgraceful exit of the criminal. From this it is evident that circumstances, however trivial to appearance, may act as a most beneficial lesson to the contemplative and well-informed mind.

(*k*) The lady now under review, who cherishes, I believe, all the extravagant notions of *Mary Wolstonecraft*, has apparently endeavoured, also, to adopt her vigorous mode of expression. All this may be excusable in a female, but any mind tinctured

As she with *Zofloya the Moor* plays at evil,
Who proves in the sequel none else but the devil.
On a par with the last now her sister behold,
Whose morality's cast in the very same mould;
I'faith, in perusing their works, without slander,
Each breast, it should seem, must enshrine sala-
mander :
Descriptions so luscious—such pictures of passion—
That prudes, ta'en with furor, to ruin might dash on.
Scenes wrought to a pitch worthy famous King's
Place,
While sentiments breathe *new philosophy's grace* ;

with morality can never for a moment tolerate the giving publicity to such scenes, heightened by the most florid descriptions, as are delineated in the progress of *Zofloya the Moor*. It is universally allowed that the existing state of society is sufficiently depraved; wherefore, let such writers take shame to themselves who not only labour to increase the existing evil, but willingly pervert those talents which, if applied to the purposes of virtue, science, and morality, would not fail to insure

E'en such is the witchery us'd by this pair ;
 Preserve me, good Heaven, from any such *Fair!* (l)
 To overthrow modesty roads there are twain,
 One wily and specious, the other quite plain.
 Libidinous themes will awake foul desires,
 And, banishing decency, light lustful fires :
 While sentiments specious pure truth undermine,
 Like gold-coated snake, crushing prey in its twine.
 From *Ida of Athens* these principles flow,
 Just varnish'd like *Eloise*, fam'd of *Rousseau*.
 As censor, *Sir Noodle* can ne'er accord praise
 To themes thus subversive, though writer shou'd
 blaze

to the possessor the respect and admiration of every praiseworthy member of the community.

(l) As the last annotation applied to the sister of the above lady also conveys my opinion respecting the present personage, I shall dismiss the subject with this remark, that, to the conclusive line of *Sir Noodle's* stricture, I, from my very soul, exclaim *Amen*.

A dame of high fashion, with beauty and learning,
Since science should show greater store of discerning.
To the dame, then, in question, *Sir Noodle* advises
That, if present fame and the future she prizes,
And again should commit lucubrations to press,
They may greet public eyes in a different dress;
For, to circumvent morals in man is a curse;
But, from ladies, such works are ten thousand times
worse. (m)

A corps of romancers I now mean to call out,
So skill'd at the long bow, there's no fear they'll fall
out.

(m) The compositions of *Miss Owenson* (now *Lady Morgan*), I must candidly allow have delighted me; and I will therefore refrain from any further animadversions than are couched in the above couplets, as it would be ungallant in the extreme to follow up the two preceding comments by a third attack upon a female's productions, whose good sense will, I am convinced, in future, prevent the necessity of using the language of reprehension, should her fancy commit any further lucubrations to the ordeal of public scrutiny.

Now, Corporal *Godwin*, come forth from the cluster; (n)

Thy *Leon* possess'd gold thou never wilt muster;
And, though youth-preserving elixir he boasted,
Like thee, through life's course, he was constantly
roasted;

As hapless as *Wolstonecraft*, man's arts contemning,
Who sacrific'd self to those lures thus condemning.
Serjeants *Ireland* and *Curtis*, (o) your stations now
take,

Nor e'er permit sense falsehood's barrier to break;

(n) This gentleman, who has long found out the fallacy of interfering with the political horizon, is now honourably employed in placing to account those talents he possesses. As a romance writer he has justly acquired a high degree of consideration; his fictions are tolerably managed; and the language, though sometimes inflated, is not of that vague character which marks the generality of such performances.

(o) Sir Scribblecumdash having thought fit to unite the above gentlemen, I shall not have the temerity to break the

Be it thine, junior Shakespeare that vagrant to stick,
Who wou'd ravish *The Abbess*, or free *Catholick*.
While, *Curtis*, 'tis yours the *Watch Tow'r* to defend,
Lest *Sons of Ulthona* steal *Scottish Legend*.
Now, petticoat sisters, your care next must be,
Staunch *Porters* (*p*) to scour through the *Scottish*
Country;

link, as the performances of both partake sufficiently of the marvellous to rank them brothers in fiction. Mr. Ireland's ebullitions of this class contain much imagery; and though his language is at times rather inflated, yet, upon the whole, the natural flow of his phrases bespeaks a mind attuned to harmony, while his plots and the developements of his fictions are the indications of a creative fancy. *Mr. Curtis*, pursuing a similar track, is not only more copious in his descriptive parts, after the manner of *Anne Radcliffe*, but his incidents partake in a greater degree of the marvellous than those of his compeer. However, with all these extravagancies, there is no doubt but ladies out of number have trembled for the fate of the heroes, and wept over the distresses of the dulcineas of their eventful pages.

(*p*) Three sisters of the above name have displayed much talent in pursuing this walk of literature; and the praise which

Sometimes 'tis a *Wallace* your succours must draw,
At others great *Thaddeus*, fam'd at *Warsaw*.
With look of a don, and a wonderful *Walker* (q)
Comes guarding *The Monk of Madrid*, a bold talker,
Whose high sounding phrase might *Don Raphael*
dismay,
And the *Vagabond* ship off to *Botany Bay*.
As females can manage their lords in this realm,
I shall station, as steerswoman, famous Ma'am
Helme;

has been bestowed by romance readers upon their several labours is but a just tribute to their industry and literary deserts.

(q) In addition to his romantic productions, which are of a superior class, the gentleman, of whom I now speak, is the author of a novel entitled the *Vagabond*, containing an instructive lesson and excellent sarcasm upon the pursuits of a misguided individual, who, led astray by the false philosophy of the then revolutionized France, became a prey to sufferings and misfortunes which were the sole result of his own misguided opinions and immoral pursuits.

Who, doubtless, will ne'er from the press issue
dross

After *Inglewood Forest* and *Pilgrim of Cross*. (r)

Sir *Southey*, now chang'd from his garretteer state,

To write silly odes, and palaver the great,

Must high raise the pike former friends to appal

With *Amadis* boasted for being *De Gaul*. (s)

(r) The *Pilgrim of the Cross*, from the pen of Mrs. Helme, though possessing great merit as a romance, must, notwithstanding, yield the palm to her *Farmer of Inglewood Forest*, than which a better novel, perhaps, has not of late years issued from the British press.

(s) Fully determined to attempt every style of literature, our great epic laureat has not disdained to herd with the children of romance by producing the above performance, throughout which we find a great deal that calls to remembrance the pompous and declamatory ebullitions contained in Sydney's *Arcadia*; in short, all the lucubrations of this gentleman display a certain something which indicates that the writer is desirous of exclaiming with King Richard, "I have no brother, am like no brother."

What wou'd you, now, *Murphy*? Be off, cunning
thief!

Be so kind as keep watch o'er your *Milesian*
Chief. (t)

Odds blood! now, don't blush at the capture you've
made;

He's as good as the best of the romancing trade.

Friend *Lathom's Astonishment* cannot be rais'd

When I tell him the females his prowess have
prais'd;

(t) The abilities of Messrs. *Murphy* and *Lathom* are of the most respectable class, with whom may be conjoined Mr. N. Brewer; not so is it, however, with *Miss Stanhope*, who produced the *Bandit's Bride*, a romance which will never soar above mediocrity in the judgment of any unbiassed reader. Having now brought Sir Noodle to the termination of his muse's present flight, I deem it necessary to remark that the catalogue of *non-descripts*, designating themselves retailers of the wonderful, might be extended beyond all conception; but when it is remembered that such annotations could contain nothing but a recapitulation of unknown names, the catalogue may well be spared.

Nor will it be kindling of *Stanhope* the pride,
To mention, as favour'd, her *Bandit's* dear *Bride* ;
While *Brewer* at all times may laugh o'er good *ale*,
Recounting to hearers his own *Winter's Tale*.
Thus corporal's guard I've review'd on their
prancers,
And so take my leave of these maniac romancers.

Nobelists.

Ουδεπὸν' εκ σκιλλης βόδα φεεται.

Even as the father was, so will the son be.

FROM the plains of romance, where, in battle array,
My troops have but now had a partial field day,
I, *Scribblecumdash*, must take peep at the ocean
Where three-decker Novelist (*u*) now is in motion;

(*u*) The mind of man in every age has felt, at periods, a wish for relaxation; and, in such cases, books of the lighter class have generally been resorted to; nor has there ever been

The crew quite elated have just mann'd the sides,
And, supported by misses, wives, widows—she rides;

a period when numerous writers have not stepped forward to indulge all readers of this denomination. Novelists of the present day have not much to boast upon the score of wit or contrivance; nevertheless, generally speaking, they do not give publicity to tenets subversive of morality. With regard to the number of novel writers, and the consequent quantity of works that issue from the press, they are almost incalculable, as the circulating libraries of the metropolis can sufficiently testify. In order to prove, however, that quantity is not at all times requisite for the amusement of a population, the following anecdote will sufficiently tend to demonstrate.

About eighty years back the whole stock of books in one of the *Scilly Islands* consisted of a *Bible* and the History of *Dr. Faustus*. The spot was populous, and the inhabitants of the western district being *addicted to literature*, the conjuror's story had been handed from house to house, until, from perpetual thumbing, little of his enchantments or momentous history remained legible. At this most alarming juncture a meeting was called of the principal inhabitants, and a proposal was made, and unanimously approved, that, as soon as the season would permit any intercourse with *Cornwall*, a supply

Her port ev'ry station for books circulating,
Whose trade is right famous for fools all inflating.
Miss Burney (v) as captain on quarter-deck paces,
Of sweet *Evelina* displaying the graces ;

of books should be sent for. A debate in consequence began, in order to ascertain what selection should be made upon this occasion, when the result proved that an order should be transmitted to an eminent bookseller at *Penzance*, for him to send another copy of *Dr. Faustus*.

(v) If every work of the novel cast was written after the plan of the above cited productions, there would be little occasion for criticism, as it is impossible to find fault with *Miss Burney's* labours, which have solely for their object the edification as well as amusement of the reader. It has been said that this writer was aided, in some instances, by a very famous literary character ; and that one of the personages in *Cecilia* was drawn as a portraiture of himself ; in which case the more praise is due to our literary female, who must have given incontestable proofs of her ability before she could receive the countenance of so great a *pioneer of literature*.

While, link'd in close friendship, *Cecilia* is seen
 With *Camilla*, who braves life's rough storm like a
 queen.

Close at hand are Lieutenants *Smith*, *Lennox*, and
Roche, (w)

Who seem to command no one else to approach.

(w) The writings of Charlotte Smith are of a very superior cast; and her knowledge of men and manners is conspicuously blazoned throughout her prose effusions, while her poetry, and particularly her sonnets, approach nearer to those of *Petrarch* than any that have yet made their appearance. One trait I shall detail of this author, which sufficiently demonstrates her being possessed of genius, if, as it is said, improvidence and want of thought be the characteristics of inborn talent. The writer was once present at a bookseller's when *Mrs. Smith* drove up to his door in a post-chaise and four, and after being for a time closetted with the publisher in question, the chaise was discharged, when it afterwards appeared that she had brought up a manuscript from the country to be disposed of; and, until an advance upon the same had been made, she literally was without a shilling to discharge the vehicle which had conveyed her to the metropolis. *Mrs. Lennox*, though not

The first, though at times having scarcely a souse,
Talks loudly, forsooth, of her *Old Manor House* ;
And vows that the first who with her wants makes
free,

As sure as a gun shall a *Banish'd Man* be.

The second, quite high toss'd, wields pen in fine
style,

And, instead of tales hatch'd on her own native
isle,

possessed of the high literary requisites of a *Burney* or *Smith*, has given to the world some specimens of ability which will never fail to rank her among the higher class of novelists. From the quantity of trash that has issued from Leadenhall Street, it has been justly remarked that, instead of *Minerva*, a goose should have been the designation of its far-famed press; but, as there is no rule without an exception, so, in the present instance, we may with justice allow that *Mrs. Roche's Children of the Abbey* is certainly a counterpoise to hundreds of novels which should never have met the light; wherefore this may be justly esteemed as one of *Mr. Lane's* most fortunate hits; for, while this species of composition is favourably received by the public, the fame of *Minerva* can never be tarnished.

The feats of *Euphemia* prefers to explore,
Whose pilgrimage grac'd the American shore.
Roche, last of this *trio*, may well her front rear,
For *Babes of the Abbey* in splendor appear;
A brace that must always be comely to view,
Since fair is the style—the tale well conceiv'd too.
As our ship's a first rate, troops of officers grace her;
Then bold must that foe be that ever dar'd face
her :

So now to pipe hands sweet *Perdita* behold, (x)
Whose form e'en a *Prince* might be proud to enfold;

(x) If the above unfortunate lady's effusions are characterized by an acute knowledge of life, there is nothing surprising, as few females had greater cause to abhor the other sex. Had this personage merely displayed the attractions of face and form, the unmanly neglect she experienced might have been accounted for; but, possessing a mind cultivated in the extreme, and formed, as it were, to render a person of polished manners completely happy, we are at a loss how to account for the shameful depravity of the human heart. Independently of the two productions entitled *Angelina*, and the

Still the traces of sorrow with loveliness blend,
As with tears in her eyes she upbraids *A False*
Friend.

Philosopher *Holcroft*, (*y*) once pac'd the deck glum,
And swore sense of feeling was all a mere hum ;
Which plain doth appear, since in vain his wit
 strives

To please through seven volumes of *Anna St. Ives*;

False Friend, this writer produced several poetical specimens, which bespeak a mind fraught with pathos and the keenest sensibility. The writer was once in the company of *Mrs. Robinson's daughter*, who had caught from her parent the divine spark of poetry, and was, to all appearance, gifted with talents of a very superior nature.

(y) There is a studied and pedantic affectation about the *novel* productions of Mr. Holcroft which render his volumes tedious to the reader; his *Anna St. Ives*, in particular, reminds one of such antiquated lucubrations as *Cassandra*, and other folio works of this description, the perusal of which, to a man of letters of the present æra, would be worse than a pilgrimage barefoot to the chapel of our Lady of Loretto.

Since he that can read all her feats without snoring,
Possession of feeling need ne'er be deploring.
A *Cumberland* next (z) grac'd our mania-mann'd ship,
Who certainly quaff'd of Parnassus's flip;
His prose chastely flowing proves classical skill,
The style unencumber'd, and always at will:
This fact must his *Henry* and *Arundel* show,
Au contraire, *De Lancaster's John* trudging slow;
Who, pompously turgid, throughout his career
Of fame thus departed, displays the cold bier.

(z) The novels of *Mr. Cumberland*, like his dramatic productions, display an elegant and easy flow of language; he is peculiarly happy in eliciting the sentimental or the moral, but his attempts at wit are very feeble. If any particular fault be attachable to a publication of this writer's, such reprehension must attend the perusal of his *John de Lancaster*, which is what may be termed a dull prosing composition; however, notwithstanding his faults, this gentleman must always command admirers, if it were only on account of his chaste style, and the celebrity attached to most of his theatrical compositions.

Come, sensitive *Pratt*, (a) be thy foes who they may,
For rancour hath always of bards much to say :
Still I will support thee, as owing a debt
From reading the *Sorrow of Emma Corbbet*;
Which, if alone extant, to claim my fair dealing,
Shou'd share it as well as the sweet *Man of Feeling*;
A volume no writer need e'er have disown'd,
Since in breast of *Mackenzie* true pathos was thron'd.
With *Johnsonian* vigour behold next a *Moore* (b).
Unveil of his pupil the dark mental store ;

(a) Having spoken at large of *Mr. Pratt* in the early part of the present volume, I shall merely echo the panegyric of Sir Noodle, by stating, that the melancholy pleasure I experienced in the perusal of *Emma Corbbet* was equal to that which actuated my breast when first *Mackenzie's Man of Feeling* met my regard; and, such being the case, I must again repeat, that, let *Mr. Pratt's* defects, as a writer, be what they may, he has, nevertheless, found a key to the human heart which many authors accredited of higher repute than this gentleman, have never yet been able to discover.

(b) *Dr. Moore's Zeluco*, though classed as a novel, is written in a masterly style, that would not disgrace a work of

Zeluco with damnable strides chills the heart,
Zeluco, who acts foulest murderer's part ;

the first literary consequence. It has been said, that the character of his hero was composed in order to pourtray the mental qualifications of a distinguished personage, with whom he had been in such close habits of intimacy, that it was impossible for a gentleman of the doctor's acute discernment not to read the inmost secrets of the heart. The author now under consideration was for many years the tutor to a nobleman of the highest rank, whose appetites were much more addicted to worldly gratifications than the cultivation of the mind ; wherefore, as a specimen of this nobleman's epistolary powers may not be uninteresting to the public, I have annexed the copy of an original letter, now in my possession, being a challenge to a sporting personage, with whom, on the preceding evening, he had had a trifling altercation.

*Epistolary style of the late D—— of H——, the pupil of
 Dr. Moore.*

SIR,

You have acted in a manner very unbecoming the character of a gentleman with regard to me. I ask satisfaction ; and, as we can neither course nor hunt to-morrow, that day will be the

If such be man's nature, the scene let us close,
Lest visions of horror blight nature's repose.
Now gazing on Luna, to breathe her soft tales,
The voice of an *Edgeworth* (c) swells sweet on the
gales;
While *Parsons* (d) beside her with industry gain'd
True honesty's meed, and her offspring maintain'd.

most convenient. I will meet you any where, at any hour, and with what weapons you please. I shall bring another gentleman with me. I am, sir, your obedient servant, &c.

Aberford, March 15, 1777.

(c) *Leonora, and Popular Tales*, from the pen of *Miss Edgeworth*, are of that superior stamp which must class her name among the number of the happiest essayists in this range of literature: her style is particularly chaste, and the moral tendency of her labours has justly endeared her to every female whose mind is attuned to the dictates of morality and social refinement,

(d) If the literary acquirements of *Mrs. Parsons* are not, strictly speaking, worthy of high encomium, they are of that class which will never offend the ears of delicacy; and when it

Lo! *Bennet* with *Beggar Girl* (e) now clews the
shrowds,

And *Ghost of my Father* discerns in the clouds ;

is remembered that her ceaseless assiduity as a writer sprang from the most praiseworthy of principles—the honourable struggle for the support of a family wholly dependant upon her mental efforts—we must allow, that what may be deficient on the score of perfect ability as a writer, is, in a great measure, compensated for by the meritorious cause that actuated her endeavours.

(e) *Multum in parvo* will not, altogether, apply to the works of *Mrs. Bennet*, who seems to have studied more the profits likely to accrue to the circulating librarians by the production of quantity, than to have considered what was due to her character as a literary personage. Notwithstanding this, the *Beggar Girl* is far from a mediocre production, and the language is tolerably perspicuous; but the story of the *Ghost of my Father* is very deficient on the score of interest, as the major part of the volumes present nothing but events which transpired during the French revolution, all of which had previously met the eye in different publications relating to that eventful epoch.

Descending astounded, asylum to seek,
She pops, as perchance, upon kind *Mistress Meeke*, (f)
Who, in pity to view her a terror-struck pigmy,
Anon tells a tale of the *Abbey of Clugny*.
What voice now is heard from aloft? Pr'ythee hark!
'Tis *Opie*, (g) well vers'd in our novelty's bark,

(f) The talents of *Mrs. Meeke* are of that negative class, that if her compositions present nothing that can excite praise, no censure is attachable to her for any lack of modesty or decorum.

(g) *Mrs. Opie* must be ranked as one of the most fascinating and irresistible female writers that now grace the literary hemisphere. It is only required of our author to take the pen, and she never can fail of bewitching the reader. Gifted with such talents, how highly indecorous was it in this writer to compose the work above adverted to, the principles of which can tend to answer no one purpose that is conducive to morality or virtue. As I confess to have received so much gratification from the above lady's effusions, I will spare any further reprehension, under the hope that her good sense will prevent her from recurring to a similar mode of literary composition in

Who has art to make virtue most brilliantly shine,
 And array falsest themes in a vestment divine.
 Of this dame I must add, though an angel had
 taught her,
 Some demon dictated her *Mother and Daughter*.
George Brewer (*h*) our crew now with confidence
 hails,
 And for prog straight produces his *Siamese Tales* :
 While *Essays*, in style of a *Goldsmith*, succeed,
 Where pathos and humour show *Oliver's* creed.

future ; though I must add, that while contemplating this subject, I cannot refrain from saying with the Latinist, that

Mulier quæ sola cogitat, malè cogitat.

A woman, when thinking by herself, is always thinking of mischief.

(*h*) *Mr. G. Brewer*, who has been previously mentioned among the dramatists, is also the author of two works, entitled *The Siamese Tales*, and *Essays in the Manner of Goldsmith* ; in both of which publications are to be found many traits of sterling humour, accompanied by language at once flowing and unaffected.

Behind him a *Dallas* pedantic moves on, (i)
 With theme dame Stupidity clapp'd seal upon;
 While last, arm'd with rancour, approaches a *Surr*, (j)
 Whose pen prov'd of dastardly venom the spur,

(i) *Aubrey*, from the pen of this gentleman, is a studied composition, which, when perused, will never leave any sterling impression upon the mind.

(j) Unprovoked virulence was never rendered more conspicuous than in the production of the above-mentioned novel; the rapid sale of which verifies the following sentence from *Cicero*:

Nihil est tam voluere quam maledictum; nihil facilius edititur, nihil citius excipitur, nihil latius dissipatur.

Cicero.

Nothing in its progress is so rapid as calumny; nothing is more readily received, and nothing can be more widely spread abroad.

Had the most flagrant injury been committed against *Mr. Surr* by the heroine of his tale, surely the consideration of her being a woman should have wrested the pen from his vindictive

Since nothing malicious by him was left undone,
While sland'ring a *duchess* thro' *Winter in London*.
Suppose she had faults; why was candour quite mute,
Could'st thou scarf all her virtues which none cou'd
refute?

Learn, reptile! an angel of light she will soar,
When thou art condemn'd dismal shades to explore;

grasp; but where there was no apparent cause whatsoever for such an attack, the circumstance becomes totally inexplicable. Surely the thought of lucre could never have prompted a *man* to strike so deep, and that too at the peace of an individual, whose greatest crime was the possessing a heart "*open as day to melting charity*." It is not *hearsay* that dictates the present note, as the writer, if necessary, could incontestably prove his assertion from a knowledge beyond what casual information could validate. Were I convinced that the author of the *Winter in London* was capable of cherishing a compunctious yearning, I could tell that which might wring a heart of adamant; but, under the impression that a being composing such a work would perhaps glut his vindictiveness, rather than feel a contrary sentiment, I shall scrupulously refrain from affording him the diabolical gratification.

Since the pow'r that impell'd thee was Erebus bred,
 And the dun gloom of chaos usurp'd heart and head.
 Avaunt, son of rancour ! go proffer thy pen
 To foes of weak woman in Cruelty's den ;
 The schemes of a *D—gl—s* thy talents wou'd grace,
 A foe to the fair cannot fail to be base ;
 With plaudit the minions of evil all hail thee,
 While spirits of good *viva voce* assail thee :
 So to end, may retributive justice be thine ;
 Void of *splendour*, O may'st *thou* in *misery* pine.
 Thus three-decker novelist's anchor now weigh'd,
 Her cruize of adventure must not be delay'd ;
 The ocean she steers for of widest dominion,
 The turbulent billows of public opinion ;
 So grant those on board who deserve not a qualm,
 In port safely moor'd, may taste joys of a calm. (*k*)

(*k*) The reader must be well aware, that the novelists thus chronicled are but as a single grain in the bushel, when compared with the phalanx actually existing ; but among the number, how few, let me ask, deserving even a name, are left unrecorded ? To such, however, the writer most humbly offers his apology ;

but for the multitude certainly, to use a common adage, "the least said is the soonest mended," since nothing interesting to the public, or in the least gratifying to such scribblers, could be conveyed through the medium of my annotations: under this assurance I shall for the present relinquish the pen, trusting that my reasons may appear valid in the eyes of the public.

ANONYMOUS NOVELISTS.

Among anonymous effusions of the novel class, I cannot refrain from quoting a work, entitled *Thinks I to myself*, the sale of which has been commensurate with the merits of the production, the volumes in question having passed through no less than nine editions. As the writer wishes to remain unknown, I shall not here insert his name, though he has no cause to seek concealment when considered in the light of an author. For the benefit of the reader, however, I beg to remark, that the individual to whom we are indebted for this production is very intimate with a *Justice of the Peace* in the vicinity of *Covent Garden*, and that he claims some relationship to a *conspicuous family* in the neighbourhood of *Woodstock*.

Travellers and Tourists. (1)

—— *I, demens! et sævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas & declamatio fias.*

Juvenal.

Go, thou insane man! rush o'er the wild Alps, that children
may be amused, and yourself become the subject of declamation.

FROM traveller *Mandeville*, *liar* surnam'd,
To moderns at shooting the long-bow far fam'd,

(1) Lo! here's another set to pen
Works that entrance the minds of men;
I mean my travellers in legions,
That coin rare tales in foreign regions,

On par with romancers we justly may class,
 Since stomach's capacity nought can surpass :

And vie with *Pliny* when they dash,
 That tells ye *snake* built nest in *ash* ; *
 Or prate of men who just can see
 As well as him of *Sicily*,
 Who we are told by writer *sage*,
 Cou'd from *Lilybium* see *Carthage* ; †
 Whose naked optics did not fail
 To view each ship from harbour sail.
 Others there are that will hatch lies,
 And coin long journeys in studies ;
 Amuse the fools with wond'rous stories,
 Of seas, woods, deserts, promontories ;

* For the truth of this assertion, let the reader refer to *Pliny*, where he will find this miracle avouched ; while *Cowley*, in his poetical *Treatise of Plants*, inserts these lines :—

But that which gave more wonder than the rest,
 Within an ash a serpent built her nest,
 And laid her eggs ; whence once to come beneath
 The very shadow of an ash was—death.

† A Sicilian called *Strabo* is reported to have seen objects at the distance of one hundred and thirty miles, with as much distinctness as if only removed to a few yards distance.

For on *palfrey* I've known worthy gentleman *ride*,
To a soil which, if gain'd, must be o'er *Neptune's tide*,

Who ne'er budg'd farther from their houses,
Than lambkin from its ewe that browses.
And of this crew that made great stir,
I needs must quote fam'd *Dambergher*, *
Who wrote concerning *Afric's* deserts,
And men that never put on clean shirts;
Of things whom you might see as soon
As man discover in the moon;
In short, 'twas marvellous and rare
As he cou'd make it—not being there;
And rais'd a stir which was not sated
Till *lie* full oft had been translated:
When, lo! the writer by confession
Made known 'gainst truth his sad transgression.
I've still a race of connoisseurs
In travelling—who publish *tours*,
That have not recourse to earthquakes,
But rest contented with some lakes,
Meand'ring streams, rocks, woods, and glades,
A few old walls, *dried* up cascades, &c.

* This most ingenious *chamber-traveller* was native of Germany, and a carpenter, who pretended to have explored the most remote regions of Africa, an account of which appeared in print, and was eagerly translated into French

While the distance some *twelve hundred leagues* he
 has banter'd,
 Since his palfrey the route hath in *eighteen hours*
 canter'd.

But to treat now of travellers staunch in the cause,
 A *Bruce (m)* long discredited claims high applause ;

(*m*) The unfortunate circumstances attending the fate of this persevering adventurer are sufficient to deter any spirited individual from encountering dangers under the hope of ultimately benefiting the human race. What must have been *Mr. Bruce's*

and English; when, lo! the writer's confession shortly after appeared, announcing to the public that the whole was a mere fabrication, the writer never having visited that part of the globe which constituted the narrative in question.

Insitit hominibus libidine alendi de industria rumores.

Men having in them a natural desire to propagate reports.

If there existed gudgeons in the present century who swallowed *Dambergher's* bait, our ancestors, be it remembered, did not prove themselves less credulous; since the fictitious existence and code of laws pictured by *Sir Thomas More* in the *Utopia*, were long accredited as in actual being; and the learned *Eudovicus Viues*, his constant correspondent and friend, in speaking of the empire of China, writes—"That he wonders any man could spend his time about such TRIFLES."

See Webb's Antiquity of China, 8vo. 1678.

Whose bold perseverance at length reap'd requital,
Of public ingratitude—shameful recital!
Thus ultimate pity too late was his doom,
His merits allow'd when he slept in the tomb.
As dauntless in courage and bold in pursuit,
To hardships inur'd, of perception acute;

feelings, after the perils he had manfully encountered, to find his narrative turned into ridicule, and himself held forth as the grossest impostor; and this too, by a set of hireling writers in their garrets, who never were five miles removed from the smoke of the metropolis? Unfortunately for Mr. Bruce, he did not survive the shock to hear detailed the researches of the French when in Egypt, which tended in every respect to validate the narrative of this most injured gentleman; since which, indeed, *Mr. Bruce's* integrity is universally allowed—but *reparation comes too late*. If we refer to the travels of this personage, the narratives are interesting in the extreme; and in that part of the work which details his passage over the burning sands, nothing can afford more amusement, combined with dread for the safety of the being so completely environed with horrors on every side. Let romancers delineate what they will, no fictitious embellishments can ever surpass these recorded truths of our gallant countryman.

With equal regret must I quote *Mungo Parke*, (n)
 Whose end is obscur'd in fate's mystery dark.
Macartney's (o) great *earl* with rich presents and
 suite
 To *China* repair'd, but the dogs, too discreet,

(n) The wonderful perseverance of *Mungo Parke*, like that of the last-mentioned traveller, is a convincing proof of the astonishing powers of the human mind when bent upon the accomplishment of any particular object; unfortunately for the world, there is too much cause to apprehend that the final discoveries of this most enterprising individual are for ever lost, as several of the latest accounts almost amount to a proof of his having perished by drowning while crossing a rapid stream to escape the murderous purpose of some savage pursuers.

(o) The account of *Lord Macartney's Embassy to China* is extremely entertaining, and may be relied upon as a most faithful delineation, not only of the occurrences which transpired to his lordship and suite, but all the statements relative to the customs, manners, &c. of that extraordinary nation are detailed with a precision that bespeaks the veracity of every delineation which the work contains.

Took all :—then discarded us ; knowing full well,
 If John Bull got an inch he wou'd soon seize an ell.
 A *Wilson* (*p*) on wonders of Egypt hath written,
 Recorder of *Boney*—and pyramid bitten ;
 While *Porter*, (*q*) not ranking with artists a *Ker*,
 On theme of the North has made wonderful stir ;
 Who wedded to princess now rules mighty Don,
 While no *stranger* to *Russia* comes also *Sir John*,

(*p*) The account of Egypt by *Mr. Wilson* affords incontestable proof, that the writer was master of the subject he undertook to delineate. In narratives of this description, nothing is required but perspicuity of style, and the most implicit adherence to truth ; in both which instances the writer has completely established his fame.

(*q*) In addition to his acknowledged talent as an artist, *Mr. Ker Porter* has not tarnished his fame by standing forth the literary delineator of *Russia* ; a production rendered the more valuable, as from this gentleman's conjugal alliance it may naturally be inferred, that his opportunities of acquiring an intimate knowledge of every thing appertaining to the manners and customs of the country were greatly facilitated.

Knight-errant of *pocket-book* blazon'd afar,
For visiting regions in *travelling* CARR. (r)
On masterly touches of *Moore* (s) we now glance,
Depicting correctly *Italia* and *France*;
And vamp'd up by scribe, paid for labour, is seen
Research in *Crimea* of fam'd *Margravine*; (t)

(r) Though there is too much egotism in the pages of this gentleman, and his language is not sufficiently studied, yet his works are by no means divested of interest. *Sir John*, like many other people, has mistaken his talent: it is obviously his wish to be every where playful, and at times witty; whereas if he had been content to appear only the plain narrator of circumstances as they occurred, his volumes would have acquired a more sterling reputation with the lovers of literature.

(s) *Dr. Moore's Travels* through France and Italy only afford a fresh proof of the sterling abilities possessed by this classical writer.

(t) It is conjectured that the above lady committed notes to her pocket-book during the tour in question, which, upon her return to England, were methodized and put into their present trim by some author, whose leading object was a voyage to the *Peruvian*

While deck'd with choice plates *Lord Valencia* comes
next,

With ocean of margin and streamlet of text.

Home tours of a *Gilpin* (*u*) alike we must note ;

Colonel Th—nt—n, (*v*) *long shooter* as ever yet wrote,

mines, rather than a ramble through the *Crimea*. *Lord Valencia's* tour is not divested of claims to some share of merit; but, unfortunately for the public, what with the splendid specimen of its typography, richness of the hot-pressed paper, and sumptuous pictorial embellishments, it is rendered so much a *lordly book*, that a man of middling fortune is not placed in a situation to peruse it.

(*u*) The works of *Mr. Gilpin* have been very deservedly extolled by the public, and his picturesque accompaniments bespeak him intimately acquainted with the effect of light and shade in landscape scenery; and, although not recorded by Sir Noodle, I must here award no small portion of praise as justly due to Sir George Mackenzie, together with Messrs. *Pinkerton*, *Gold*, and *Wakefield*, who have ably laboured in their several literary vocations as descriptive and entertaining travellers.

(*v*) This *ci-devant* Colonel of the West York Militia, who has for half a century back usurped the title of *England's*

Whose *Tours*, yclep'd *Sporting*, re-echo one cry,
'Tis *Ego* the *Colonel*—fam'd I myself I;
Renown'd for displaying of valour such dint,
The steel caus'd no fire though oppos'd to a *Flint*;

sportsman general, has given to the world a brace of *Sporting Tours*, containing feats of that description, which any personage may accredit whose powers in believing the marvellous are more capacious than the writer's. Our author, anxious at all times to place things to the best account, has not only kept his mistresses for domestic purposes, but transformed one into a jockey upon the race-course at York. His early friend and fellow-traveller through Scotland was the late *Tom Mosley*, who never acknowledged an acquaintance below the rank of *His Grace my Lord Duke*; in short, the colonel's associates have been of every rank and class in society, from the man of title down to the stable-boy: he has quarrelled with a branch of the blood royal, and entered into law-suits with artists, authors, and conveyancers; he has been horsewhipped on a public stand; in fine, he has performed such feats as justly entitle him to the appellation of the *hic et ubique* colonel; and, as a finish to the portraiture, let it be remembered, that his wealth was never placed to any account whatsoever but the selfish gratification of his own inordinate pleasures.

For reason thus simple, all sports he'll delight in,
Save facing a bullet, and there's no sham-fighting.
But to wind up of tourists poetical samples,
By the Lord, a book-vender affords us examples
Of scenery grand, and exploits in the North,
Which was cook'd in the *Poultry*, true publisher's
broth. (w)

(w) Among booksellers and publishers, *Mr. Mawman* does not rank the only scribe; witness *Sir Richard Phillips*, whose publication, entitled *The Office of Sheriff*, is by no means divested of useful information. The late *Mr. Gardiner*, of *Pall Mall*, was also a dabbler with the press. Neither let *Mr. Tegg*, of the *Apollo Library, Cheapside*, be omitted, to whom we are indebted for the biographical sketch of *Dr. Hugh Blair*, inserted in *Phillips's Public Characters*.

Topographers.

THE toils of topographers now let us gaze on,
A theme which few couplets anon shall emblazon ;
So foremost the labours of *Lysons's* twain, (x)
Prove industry ne'er is enlisted in vain ;

(x) The persevering industry of the two *Lysons* forcibly brings to our recollection the never to be too much extolled *Sir William Dugdale*, to whose unremitting labours we are, to the present day, indebted for an insight into the topographical and antiquarian remains of particular parts of England, which, but for his acumen, had been lost to the present and future ages for ever ; neither, while speaking of this great topographer, let me omit to record the memory of his pictorial assistant, the

Their volumes not *teaching alone* such as read 'em,
 But fram'd to instruct ages yet to succeed 'em.
 On high *Roman Causeways*, with depth of research,
 Hath treated *Cloyne's* Bishop, (y) true sage of the
 church ;

honest engraver *Hollar*, whose numerous plates present to the eye the remains of those edifices which the pen of *Dugdale* so ably pourtrays to the mind. *Messrs. Lysons*, in their literary march, pursue that solid track which must hand their names down to posterity with all those honours that are due to individuals, whose toils are intended for the entertainment, instruction, and benefit of succeeding generations. In company with the above-mentioned individuals should not be omitted the name of *J. T. Smith*, whose brain has for a series of years been uniformly in motion, that the remains of ancient London may not be lost to the rising generations ; while, as an artist pursuing the line of antiquarian topography, *Mr. Britton* also claims a like honourable mention.

(y) *The Bishop of Cloyne's* production on Roman Causeways, is one of the most scientific works of that description which has ever appeared before the public ; while there is every reason to believe that the *Iter Britanniarum*, from the pen of *Reynolds*, instead of being the result of actual research, was

While *Reynolds*, who wrote *Iter Britanniarum*,
 From labour determin'd—poor wits he wou'd spare
 'em ;
 Research thus completed, as snug as a mouse,
 In study safe coop'd—of his own dwelling-house.
 Recorded alike on topography's nag,
 Ride *father and son* of the *Gentleman's Mag.* ; (z)

absolutely a closet performance, with the help of a library, from whence was culled the matter contained in this publication.

(z) These two gentlemen, whose Magazine has for a series of years been made the receptacle of antiquarian and topographical research, are usefully employed in this branch of literature ; and, although it has been objected that their monthly number has frequently been the vehicle of falsehood, from mischievous persons remitting accounts from the country which had no foundation in truth, still the astonishing mass of original and curious information which actually is to be found in the work in question, and the very high price at which the series of volumes sell when complete, are sufficient proofs of the utility and high consideration in which the *Gentleman's Magazine* is held by the admirers of universal literature.

While from *Pennant* the younger we wait to review (a)
Of *London* his annals, amended and new ;

(a) *Mr. Pennant, jun.* is stated to be occupied upon a new edition of his late father's *London*, the sale of which has been a sufficient indication of its worth with the public. With respect to the deceased writer, his labours are not only voluminous, but fraught with information that must at future periods prove of the greatest utility to such individuals as may be engaged in topographical researches. In addition to the names above recorded by Sir Noodle, I cannot refrain from adding that of *Gough*, the deceased antiquarian, whose *Camden's Britannia*, although in many respects an interesting labour, contains, I fear, too much vague matter from newspapers and other publications of a similar class. *Bigland's Gloucestershire* is arranged with care and industry, and the account of *London* by *Dr. Hewson, alias Pugh*, displays sufficient proof that the compiler was not a sloven in the progress of this work. To these might be subjoined a variety of other topographical labourers, such as *Herbert*, the Lambeth historian ; *Park, jun.* engaged in writing a history of *Hampstead* : but a recapitulation of every name would far exceed the bounds of this volume, the annotations to which have already increased to a bulk beyond the editor's original intention.

That name which to mem'ry now pictures the dead,
A *father* from regions terrestrial long fled,
Whose pages, though slurr'd with the dear *egomet*,
Demand from a public warm gratitude's debt ;
Since quality keeps with his quantity pace :
Thus granting this writer a prominent place,
Both pleasing, instructive, and useful to read,
With whose praise I conclude the topographist's
creed.

Antiquarians.

Vetera extollimus, recentium incuriosi.

Tacitus.

We extol the productions of the ancients, but are wholly unmindful of contemporary merit.

ON this field to dilate might the laughter provoke
Of *Heraclitus*, ne'er known to smile at a joke :
One sage pens a book, all the charms to expose
Of *Praxilite's Venus* bereft of a nose ;
A second, possessing of statue great toe,
Attempts from such specimen matchless to show
What beauty and grace did the figure betoken,
Ere yet into shatters the sculpture was broken ;

A third from stone trough, whence the swine us'd
to guttle,

Pretends to discover, with acumen subtle,

Sarcophagus fam'd of the great Grecian youth, (*b*)

Who whimper'd for more worlds to conquer, in sooth;

(*b*) It is to antiquarians in a body we must fly to acquire a knowledge of this walk of literature; wherefore, the Somerset-house society, dedicated to the pursuits in question, is perhaps the best criterion to go by; and to judge of their infallibility, from the labours they have produced, would, I much fear, place their acumen in a very dubious point of view. I shall not here lay any stress upon the hoax played off some years back, by the late commentator *Steevens*, nor shock their nerves by recording all which was said and written upon the subject by the society's then oracle, *Mr. Pegg*; it is sufficient to hint, that events of this nature are known to have taken place, whereby the whole body was *gulled*; and from thence we may infer how easy a matter it is to dupe those who rank as wisest in this dubious walk of literature. As the *Sarcophagus of Alexander* is mentioned by Sir Scribblecumdash, I cannot refrain from stating, that I have perused, with no small degree of mirthful feeling, the *pros* and *cons* that have been committed to the press respecting the Egyptian stone relic deposited in

While a fourth to his fellows demonstrates with pride,
That *Semiramis*' manes he guards as a bride,
Avouching for proof, just as wise as great *Nixon*,
That she like a man, being bold and a vixen,
Must needs have possess'd famous rump in the rear,
While breech of his relic thus huge doth appear ;
The type most complete of a mummy coal black,
In form showing symmetry like a full sack.
Lo ! such are the toils of the living, whose freaks
Shun *modern perfection* for *mould'ring antiques* : (c)

the British Museum ; which, with all due deference to the sticklers, who affirm the same to have been the tomb of Alexander, I no more conceive from tradition, and particularly external decorations, contained that prince's body, than it was originally intended to receive the remains of your humble servant. I am not much versed in Egyptian hieroglyphics, it is true, but I am not quite so blind as to mistake what was due to the idols of Egypt, and what would have been the decorations of a sarcophagus sculptured to receive the body of a sovereign of Greece.

(c) As I should be extremely sorry to involve any individual

Thus 'reft of *Erugo* a statue itself,

By *Pygmalion* performed, wou'd be deem'd modern
elf,

in disgrace, I will withhold the names of the parties concerned in the ensuing anecdote, which may be relied upon as matter of fact.

A living nobleman, of high celebrity, was in possession of a very valuable antique ring, the setting of which did not meet his approbation, and it was in consequence placed in his jeweller's hands for alteration; unfortunately, however, one of the family inspecting the stone, dropped the gem upon the hearth, and the antique was broken into several pieces. In this dilemma, what course was to be pursued? The artizan knew the veneration in which the ring was held by the nobleman in question, and how essential it was for his interest not to forfeit his custom: thus critically circumstanced, he repaired to his engraver, who undertook to procure a similar stone, and execute an exact imitation of the antique, which in the course of a week was completed, and, upon being set, delivered to its present noble owner, who not only believes himself that he possesses his original antique, but, when displayed to the best judges, no doubt is ever entertained of its validity. As any comment would

Since the sterling criterions are *green* and *blue mould*,
So an *antique* without 'em, by G—d, *is not old*.

be superfluous, I shall leave the reader to judge of the antiquarian's depth of discernment, and whether or not a modern may be found to equal many boasted labours of the Greek and Roman artists.

Biographers.

Σπαρταν ελαχες, ταυταν κοσμει.

The shoemaker should never go beyond his last.

FROM the concourse essaying biography's style,
A *Roscoe* must ever with rapture beguile; (d)

(d) The name of *Mr. Roscoe* has long and justly been distinguished by its connection with elegant literature, and his attachment to the sound politics of his native country, in which avocations he has laboured with honour to himself, both as a writer and a statesman. As a specimen of chaste biographical composition, this gentleman's delineations of the *Annals* of

The reader engross'd by *Lorenzo's* high fame,
Or dwelling on *Leo*, tenth *Pope* of that name.

Lorenzo de Medici, and *Pope Leo the tenth*, will stand the test of nicest criticism ; it is that species of writing to the which nothing can be added or retrenched ; for, as in the perusal of the Letters of Junius, every reader, from the beautiful and easy flow of language, conceives himself capable of producing a similar composition, so is it with the works of this gentleman, whose fine talents and classical acquirements are only discovered when an attempt is made at imitation. The writer cannot refrain from extending this note, in order to state that the son of *Mr. Roscoe*, at an early age, published a most promising poem founded on the ancient ballad of *Chevy Chase* ; a specimen of which is annexed, to evince the warm fancy of a youth capable of eliciting such figurative beauties.

“ Fair art thou, midst thy realms of air,
Son of the morning! thou art fair,
As rolling back the mists of night,
With conquering floods of crimson light,
Thou marchest forth, in godlike state,
From out thy golden eastern gate,
Like a strong giant flush'd with wine,
To run that heavenly race of thine.

A *Cox* on the page of true merit finds place, (e)
And *Duppa* descants well on *Angelo's* race;

What hand may veil thy living rays,
What eye endure thine ardent blaze,
Against thy might what heart rebel,
And where thou art can darkness dwell?

“ Already, lo! the stormy west
Discloses wide her teeming breast,
And pours abroad a death-like shroud,
A growing mass of gloomy cloud;
The murky volumes dim the skies;
Thy splendour fades, thy glory dies!
How art thou fallen now, and shorn
Thy radiant beams,—thou son of morn!”

(e) The account of the Kings of Spain, by *Mr. Cox*, is a novel and entertaining production, and is possessed of additional interest from the close alliance which has lately existed between this country and the Peninsula. *Duppa's* account of *Michael Angelo* is not only gratifying to the admirers of the arts, but, considered as the delineation of the life of one of the greatest men that ever blazoned the annals of painting, it is a valuable piece of biography to every admirer of general literature.

While *Fox* in his *Annals of Stuarts* was dull, (*f*)
The clamour though great, yet producing no wool.

(*f*) Few works ever excited such general interest in the republic of letters as the late *Mr. Fox's Annals of the Stuart family*, prior to its being issued from the press; and never, perhaps, was public expectation more disappointed. So justly was this statesman venerated for his shining oratorical powers, that it was thought next to impossible that any thing of a secondary class could emanate from his mind; the result however proved otherwise, which is a sufficient testimony of the fallacy attending all human judgment. With regard to *Mr. Trotter's* work; being a narrative of the close of this revered statesman's earthly career, although there are parts which cannot fail to interest, yet the minute particulars recorded by that gentleman are sometimes of a nature to turn the solemn into farce; nor can any sober-minded individual for a moment hesitate to condemn those enthusiastic admirers of *Mr. Fox*, who could suffer childish ebullitions as the following to be blazoned forth in different periodical publications.

LINES BY MR. FOX.

How can I at ought repine
While my dearest Liz is mine?
Can I feel a pain or woe
While my Lizzy loves me so?

A friend of our statesman from fame was fast

Trotter,

Whose temple around him did nothing but totter.

Where's the sorrow that thy smile

Knows not sweetly to beguile?

Sense of pain and danger flies,

From the looks of those dear eyes;

Looks of kindness, looks of love,

That lift my mental thoughts above.

While I view that heavenly face,

While I feel that dear embrace,

While I hear that soothing voice,

Tho' maim'd or crippl'd, life's my choice:

Without them, all the fates can give

Has nought would make me wish to live.

No! could they foil the power of time,

And restore youth's boasted prime;

Add, to boot, fame, power, and wealth,

Undisturb'd and certain health.

Without thee 'twould nought avail,

The source of every joy would fail;

But lov'd by thee, by thee caress'd,

In pain and sickness I am blest.

In *Godwin's* dull life of a *Chaucer* (g) we view
 The pond'rous compiler, with nought that is new :
 A *Gifford* instructs in the life of a *Pitt*; (h)
Lee Lewis may boast the reverse of true wit. (i)

(g) *Mr. Godwin* has in two instances exerted his talents as a biographer; first, in delineating the *Memoirs of Mary Wolstonecraft*, which, from certain statements therein contained, it would have been preferable that the public should not have seen; and with respect to his second production, denominated the *Life of Chaucer*, it lays no claim whatsoever to the title it bears, which should rather have been an *Essay on the Manners, Customs, Architecture, &c. &c. of the reigns of Richard the second and Henry the fourth*, with the little that is extant appertaining to *Geoffry Chaucer*, and his munificent friend and patron *John of Gaunt*.

(h) *Gifford's Life of Pitt* is written with a masterly hand, and the narrative affords a convincing proof that the writer possessed the most undoubted sources for rendering his pages the correct portraiture of that great statesman's public career.

(i) In the pages of *Lee Lewis* are to be found a few amusing anecdotes, beyond which the volumes are not deserving any further comment. *Raymond's Dermody*, like the *Anecdotes*

From acts of *Dermody*, by *Raymond*, we scan
Vicissitudes varied of versatile man;
Like unstable *Cooke* of theatric renown,
Whose failings the press late hath stamp'd on the
town.

Ma'am *Sumbull*'s career often raises the smile,
While a *dame* once well known to a *lord of the Nile*, (j)

of the late *George F. Cooke*, and the *Memoirs of Mrs. Sumbull*, affords a useful lesson to the contemplative mind, which cannot fail to draw a comparison of the effects produced by the indulgence of ungovernable passions, which transform those abilities that would have conferred honour upon the possessor, into the most destructive weapons of his earthly tranquillity.

(j) *Lady Hamilton* has published a statement which there is no reason to discredit; and, from the contents of her pages, no candid mind will for a moment hesitate to say that she has claims on the consideration of the country. The writer cannot refrain from adding, that he feels the more grieved for her situation, as in private life her generosity has been unbounded, and thus left her, he fears, to make those appeals to others which were so successfully made to herself during the season of prosperity.

For ceaseless endeavours to back England's cause
Deserves something more than mere empty ap-
plause.

The pages of *Mudford* full oft entertain, (*k*)

But *Northcote*, as author, is not in the vein : (*l*)

(*k*) *Mudford* prefaces his *Life of Cumberland* with a correspondence which took place between himself and *Sir James Bland Burges*, the result of which is not very flattering to the character of the latter ; who, after volunteering his services to the biographer in the progress of his labour, never thought proper to act up to the professions thus made. As an unbiased delineator of facts, *Mr. Mudford* claims every credit ; his style is unaffected and easy, his notes appropriate, and his criticisms, which constitute the leading feature of the work, are obviously the productions of a gentleman of sound judgment and classical taste. The admirers of *Cumberland* may, in some instances, call him *fastidious* ; but the lovers of *truth* will respect him for his *honesty*.

(*l*) We would advise *Mr. Northcote* to relinquish the pen ; as an artist he cannot fail to shine, but his literary acquirements are not of a nature to gain him that celebrity which, in the walk of painting, he has so long and deservedly acquired.

A Granger continued by *Noble* is slaughter'd, (*m*)
For which the biographer ought to be quarter'd.

(*m*) Few men ever possessed the power of condensing into a small compass the biographical sketches of celebrated characters like the late *Mr. Granger*; wherefore we are the more surprised that, with such an original before him, *Mr. Noble* could so far diverge from the track pointed out. As for the last named individual recorded on *Sir Noodle's page*, it would be loss of time to descant upon such a farrago of egotism and folly; it is only fit for one purpose and no other—doubtless the reader will comprehend my meaning.

By way of addenda to the above note, relating to existing writers of this class, I deem it necessary to subjoin *Mr. Lodge*, who has acquitted himself very creditably in his account of the *Cæsar family*, and *Illustration of British History*. The Royal and Noble Authors of *Parke*, though not of a high literary class, prove that gentleman to be possessed of plodding industry. To these might be added the names of many personages whose skill consists in expertly handling the scissors and paste; but to load my page with book-makers would too far derogate from *Sir Noodle's* great plan,

Who, conscious of possessing soul refin'd,
Wou'd spurn as garbage what debas'd the mind.

While last who by name shall my muse here record
Is *Finsbury's Lackington*—book-vending lord,
Whose trash, far too vile to awake critic's breath,
At once dooms biography's genius to death.

Political Writers.

The Devil knew not what he did when he made man politic;
he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the
villanies of man will set him clear.

Shakspeare.

Then there are wtlings who will plod
To make for ministers a rod;
Poets that wou'd be politicians,
And prove the parliament's physicians;
Who strive in vain, for did they show
Wit keen as shaft from Parthian's bow,
The satire wou'd be sure to fail,
So tough are statesmen's coats of mail:
I mean those breast-plates, wherewith they,
From habit, consciences array.
Since those elected to this function
Ne'er feel the prickings of compunction,
Which vain at door of bosom knocks,
Safe barricado'd 'gainst all shocks.

As doctors the pulse of their patients will feel,
Some writers prescribe for the realm's common weal;

Like *Solon*, our code they pretend to revise,
 As if politic *Alfred* compos'd without eyes;
 So the tickling word *liberty* always are humming,
Magna Charta, great tambour whereon they are
 drumming; (n)

(n) The following Hudibrastic delineation is so applicable to the subject, that I must claim the reader's indulgence for its insertion under the present head.

'Tis at elections we behold
 The mighty influence of gold;*
 On vagrant then my lord will doat,
 For why? The rascal has a vote.
 To butcher's wife he'll pledge love's duty,
 And vow to God she is a beauty.
 Swear to a grim'd and drunken tinker
 He's lily white, being a free thinker:
 Or shou'd this fail, declare no sin is
 'Gainst liberty, to finger guineas.
 Meanwhile my minister ploughs furrows,
 In Freedom's field—rakes rotten boroughs:

* *Venalis populus, venalis curia patrum.* The people are venal, and the senate is equally venal.

To these let's subjoin sacred *freedom* of press,
Display'd by an *Erskine* in masterly dress ;

Cares not a rush for her disgrace
So he can but preserve his place ;
Procuring at th' approaching meeting,
By a majority, fair greeting.
And as to this pray wonder not,
'Tis long since Freedom went to pot.
Poor soul ! tho' well as well cou'd be,
Was dos'd at first with senna tea,
Which turn'd her wholesome stomach sick,
When some prescrib'd an emetic.
Appealing then to oppositions
'Gainst ministers, her dire physicians,
She sigh'd her case, she cou'd not speak ;
But all in vain, they prov'd too weak.
So each, like ruffian desperado,
Has play'd in turn *Doctor Sangrado*.
Reducing thus the lovely maid
Into the shadow of a shade.
This is not all—determin'd still
Of med'cine she shou'd gorge her fill,
They've drench'd her with cathartics brisk,
And thus have quite obscur'd her disc.
Being now reduc'd so very low,
She is no longer shade's-shadow.

Without it farewell to the dictates of reason,
 Each scribe speaking truth wou'd be guilty of treason,
 While panders, disgusting, might lord it in state,
 Whose pens were suborn'd but to pamper the great.

So seated all like beasts in pens,
 I mean my flock of *Saint Stephens*;
 My pupil minister must hear
 The grumblings of his foes severe,
 In speeches which shall make ye jolly,
 Being under par with those of folly.
 But to the point: 'tis first a rant
 For one half hour, and then a cant;
 High words, from whence there is no gleaning
 The shadow of a decent meaning.
 Then to create a moment's fun
 My orator raps out a pun,
 Staler than ten times told *Joe Miller's*,*
 Nor half so good as pauper *Spiller's*.

* *Joe Miller's Jests* being in the mouth of every child, no further notice need be taken of them; but with regard to *Spiller*, who has not acquired so much publicity, it may perhaps be requisite to acquaint the reader that he was a celebrated comedian, who, like most of the *stock*, indulged too freely with the bottle, which reduced him to poverty and a jail; he was, as frequently proves the case with such characters, a very facetious and witty pot-companion.

Reverse now the scene, and from shackles quite
clear,

From the press we behold sterling *Junius* appear :
In eloquent style at the state he dar'd rail,
And minions of pow'r shrunk abash'd at his tale ;
Yet this author, so ardently sought by the crowd,
Proves at length as he was—veil'd in mystery's cloud.

The horse-laugh ended, 'stead of pathos,
He dashes next thro' realms of bathos ;
And soaring high attains the sphere
Which claims, at length, the loud—hear ! hear !
Descending next from flight bombastic,
For which on back he merits a stick,
He then draws from scholastic bin
A complete trait of dog Latin ;
And having three hours spoken, thence
Ye may deduce all else—but sense.
Denying thus the old adage,
Applied to ev'ry speaker sage,
Showing *multum in parvo's* : hum—
For that *multus dat parvulum*.

Among those on subjects political set,
 See school-boy of *Tooke*—*Master Franky Burdett*, (o)
 Who once with the foe leagu'd of *Wellesley*—*Snip*
Paul,
 But concluded by giving him taste of a *ball*;

(o) This gentleman, of whom I may well say, when referring
 to his deceased friend,

Nervis alicuius mobili lignum,

A mere puppet moved by wires in the hands of others,

has completely laid his tongue upon the shelf since Mr. Tooke's demise, from whose capacious storehouses, no doubt, emanated those flowery effusions that so frequently amused the rabble. Much has been advanced by the strenuous advocates of Sir Francis, on the score of his munificence; but I very much doubt if the charity of that gentleman does not consist more in acts where ostentation is gratified, than in bestowing the secret boon, which, like the violet, modestly conceals its head only to waft around a sweeter odour. As this baronet has had a finger in the pie, in the light of a pamphleteer, it is for that reason the present note is coupled with his name, which might otherwise have passed unnoticed.

For such are the friendships of men who will babble,
And tender the sop to old *Cerberus*—*rabble*. (p)

(p) Is there a sound that more delights
A rabble than to hear of *rights*?
Which *Justice*, so *political*,*
Awards alike to Dick, or Hal,
As if all nature did pursue
One only track, and that—*virtue*.
Will he that tipples be as able
To cultivate his field arable,
As him, who sober, makes his clock
First crowing of the matin cock?
Thus will not *industry* procure
His land, whom *idleness* make poor;
And for his bread force friend to work,
Submissive slave to farmer *Turk*.
So while men's nature disagree,
Farewell to all *equality*.

* I refer my reader to the lucubrations of Mr. Godwin, in order to attain a complete insight as to speculative ideas of this nature.

Next view hoary *Cartwright*, great spokesman and
scribe, (q)

Who adds to the list of dissatisfied tribe ;

(q) Through the medium of *Cobbet's Register*, and other periodical reviews, the lucubrations of this staunch champion of parliamentary reform have frequently met the public eye, independently of which, I have been informed that he has more than once figured in a literary point of view, which has allowed him the present claim upon my consideration. With regard to Peter Porcupine, alias *Mr. Cobbet*, he is one of those *hocus pocus* writers, or weathercock politicians, that so frequently appear in this land of liberty ; though I believe it would be no easy task to find a parallel with the individual here quoted. Having spoken thus much of the man, it will be necessary to say a few words respecting his abilities as a writer, which are of the most singular cast. He is perspicuous without elegance, and possesses an energy of style which can only be the result of an inherent talent, as no writer among his several imitators has been at all felicitous in the assumption of his mode of expression. Should any reader, however, prove desirous of fully appreciating the text of this writer, let him refer to those numbers of the *Weekly Register* which made their appearance during the investigation of the Duke of York's conduct, and I think sufficient proof will appear of the terse reasoning and incontrovertible mode of argument pursued by *Mr. Cobbet*,

While *Cobbet*, the giant *camelion*, in rear,
With *Political Register* darkens the sphere :
Of this versatile writer, ah ! what should be said,
Whose mind by no genuine principle led,
Has box'd every point of the compass to gammon,
And ensure, darling idol, possession of mammon :
In fine, from the bible and cushion we see
He varied to Gallia's red *bonnet de nuit* :
Extremes are to him nothing more than a job,
With whig or with tory he'll drink hob a nob,

with whom logic is a joke, and the practices of the schools a mere jargon beneath his consideration. Among other living political writers, *Mr. Canning* has made no inconsiderable figure; the *Marquis of Wellesley* has no less had recourse to the printing art for the promulgation of his sentiments, though, in most instances, made under an assumed signature; to these personages may be added *Lord Castlereagh*, our great diplomatist; while in *Mr. Redhead Yorke*, lately deceased, whose early career of literature was devoted to the promulgation of liberty, the friends of the Pitt system had to boast a vigorous advocate, possessing talents that never debased the cause he so strenuously advocated.

Then fly off in *tangent* to join phalanx hearty,
Which hail'd, as vicegerent from God—*Bonaparte*.
But to jesting a truce, for the man that is ready
To blazon at all times a mind thus unsteady,
From the pale of society straight shou'd be hurl'd,
As a creature unfit for the sons of this world:
Thus with abject contempt I my stricture will end,
Such a man ne'er can *claim*, nor himself prove—a
friend.

Surgery and Physic.

Dio è quello che guarisce, e il medico ne porta via i danari.

God is the restorer of health, and the doctor puts the fee in his pocket.

To dwell on particulars here I shall cease,
And from numbers produce one poetical piece ;
For though sterling the topics they interest few,
While my *scent* is to keep *public game* most in view:
Thus my notes must supply what my couplets now
 lack,
Since, alas ! metre proves oft but prose's dull hack.

For precept and practice in surgery never
 Were labours more deep, operations more clever ; (r)
 While doctors in physic past notions revising,
 Have wrought in prescriptions a change most sur-
 prising : (s)

(r) The very laconic manner in which the great *Sir Noodle* slurs over the above topics of literature prompts me to form a shrewd surmise, that he is no better acquainted with surgery and physic than myself ; although, from consulting the Reviews, I am fully enabled to catalogue some names that are universally regarded with the highest consideration by every practitioner in their respective professions. After having thus candidly confessed my inability to appreciate these works from actual perusal, I shall beg leave to enrol the name of *Bell*, who has written upon Anatomy, together with *Foote*, *Abernethy*, *Monro*, and *Aikin* ; *Baillie* on morbid Anatomy ; *Farre* on Diseases of the Liver ; *Bree* on the Chest, and *Pemberton* on the Bowels. While, as physicians, *Letsom*, *Jenner*, *Kerrison*, *Latham*, and *Powel*, have no less exerted their abilities to disseminate that useful knowledge for the benefit of the human race, which long practice and experience have enabled them to perform.

(s) In medicine, we have treatises, written in the 18th century, to prove that a salt meat diet is good for the gout ; and that colds do not preceed from damps or moist clothing.

Since *health*, it is found, more on *nature* depends
Than back'd by a legion of physical friends :
Not so proves the case with each pestle's displayer,
Who, living by drugs, proves humanity's slayer ;
Disdaining to budge from each lucrative notion,
'Tis draught, pill, emetic, and purgative potion,
Till stomach reduc'd to extremity's lot,
With dosing, poor patient at length goes to pot ;
And cries with the Greek, when with death hard he
 wrestles,
I'm dish'd, d—n their souls ! by these knights of
 the *pestles* ! (t)

A physician at Lyons published a dissertation on beards and mustachios, affirming that they promote strength ; and that the present age might not be without men as strong as *Sampson* were they permitted to grow.

(t) According to the Greek historians, we are informed that *Alexander* upon his death-bed uttered the following exclamation :

Pero turba medicorum.

I die by the help of too many physicians.

I believe the number of my departed countrymen who could have joined in this chorus would be nearly as countless as the stars in the heavens, or the grains of sand in the sea.

Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, says, "Where there be many lawyers, and many physicians, it is a manifest sign of a distempered melancholy state, as Plato long since complained."

Musical Doctors.

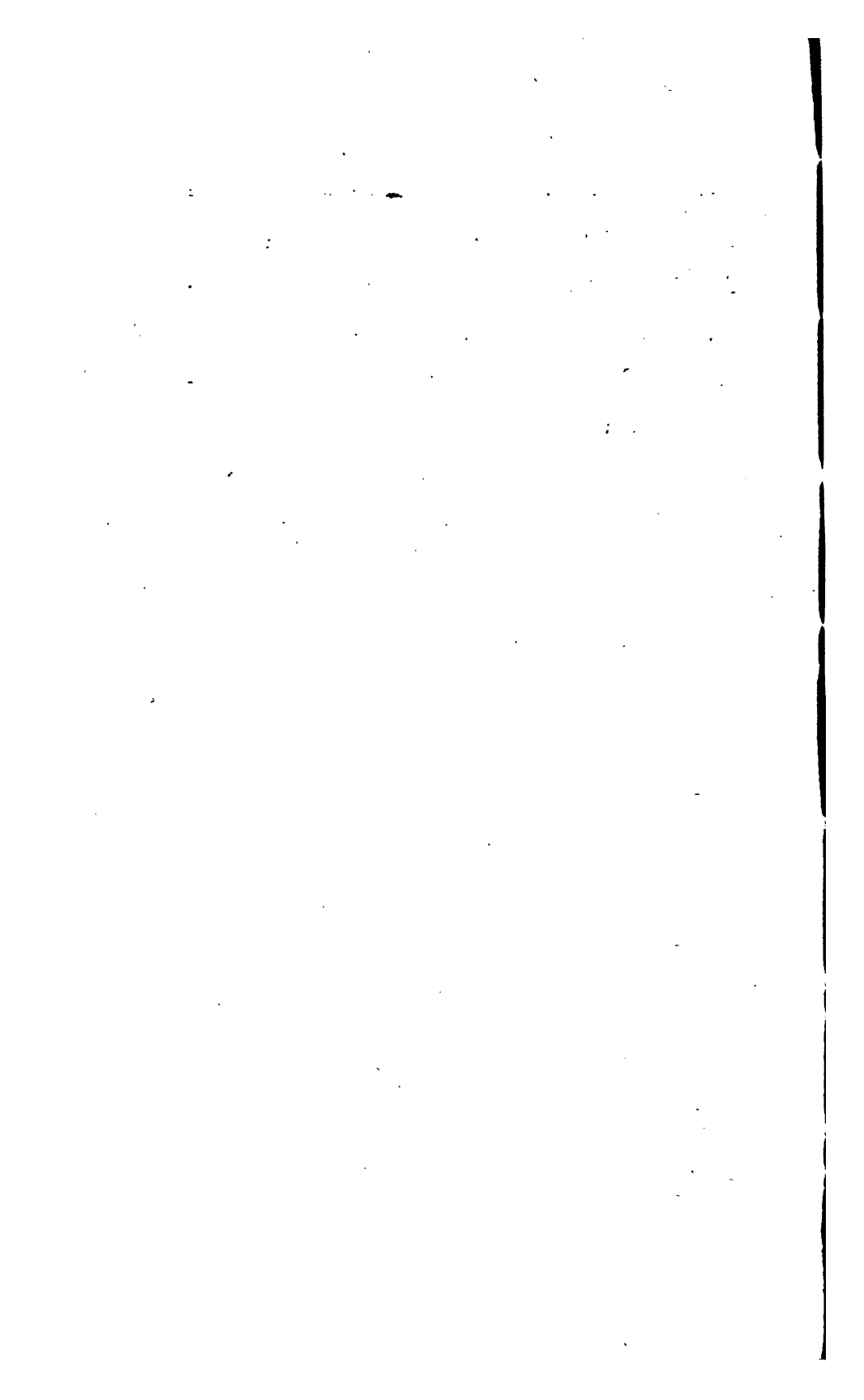
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirits are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus* :
Let no such man be trusted.

As physical doctors so late grac'd my strain,
Professors of music may next share the vein ;
True harmony's offsprings, whose soul-thrilling mea-
sure
Oft wafts me from earth to the regions of pleasure :

But as sometimes an orb brighter 'lumines the
sphere,
So *Busby* o'er crotcheteers reigns overseer : (u)

(u) No creature breathing stands better with himself than *Doctor Busby* : there is but one personage left, when he departs these terrestrial regions, who can possibly fill up the vast vacuum in perfectibility which must attend his exit, and that individual, O reader! is *the doctor's son* ! But to be serious : this writer has very lately presented to the world his translation of Lucretius, which from the specimens I have read (for, to be candid, I have not perused the work throughout) is written in that pompous style which might be expected to flow from the writer in question. It cannot, however, be denied, that the doctor understood his original well, and upon the whole this labour will not disgrace his name. Of the rejected Address I shall say nothing ; for as the conduct of our author has been sufficiently before the public on a former occasion, it would only be reviving an old grievance. In his harmonic vocation *Dr. Busby* some years back published a musical dictionary, which is concise and ably executed ; but whatsoever may be his talents as a composer, I will not undertake to say further than that the music published under his name has never excited those emotions which the notes of a *Jackson, Shield, Birnie, and Stevenson*, never fail to excite in my breast.

As poet-translator, no big wig ranks stouter ;
Of *Address* that's *rejected* he brings forth *the spouter* ;
And true second *Pan* with *Apollo* dares wager,
That with him *young master* shall stand forth en-
gager ;
For which, I'll avouch, the great lord of Parnass
Crowns *Midas papa* with the ears of an *ass*.



Architecturalists.

Θαττον ποιήσει μελι κανθαρος ἢ γωλα κωλυψ.

When the sky falls then shall we catch larks.

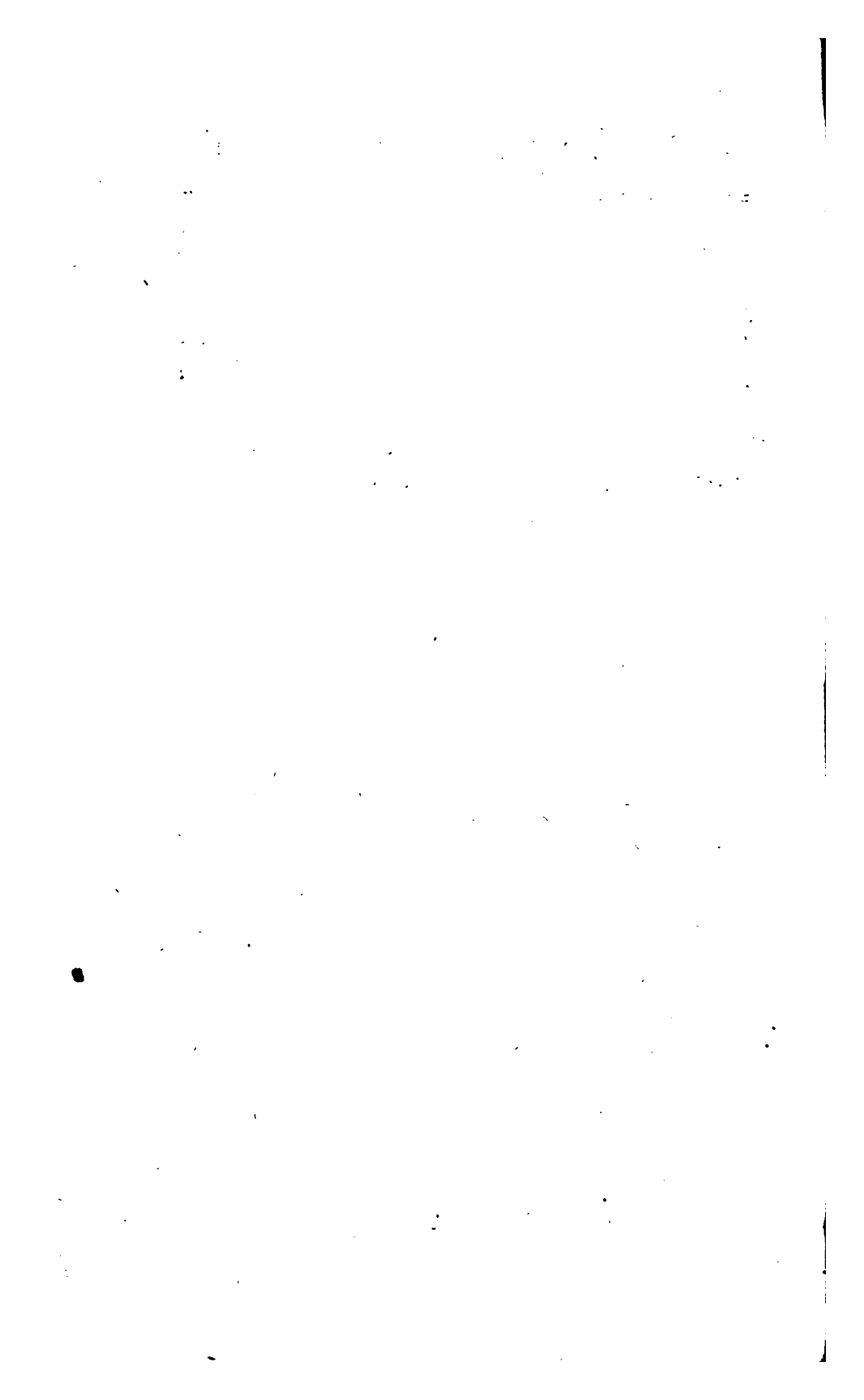
FROM sounds sweetly blending that ravish the ear,
Let *sculptors* and *architects* labours appear ;
Whose studies, I needs must with sorrow confess,
Confer not one grace on the old Grecian dress :
In grandeur, taste, (v) science, we lag far behind,
'Tis mere crucible's dross to the metal refined. (w)

.. (v) The late *Mr. Wyatt*, although possessing a considerable share of talent, had very glaring defects; indeed, I do not wish to be invidious, but it appears to me, generally speaking, that

if a grand idea happens to strike any living architect, it is not the effect of study, but rather flashes across the mind in a moment as by mere chance. I was once favoured with the sight of a design for a public building, by a young student of the name of *Bond*, which, for classic taste, I never saw surpassed; of this promising genius, however, though some years have now transpired, not a syllable has been said. Another architecturalist I must also record, in the person of *Mr. Edward Aiken*, some of whose compositions have fallen under my inspection that were testimonials of his worth, and the assiduous attention he had paid to all the leading principles of his profession.

Some years back there was a glimmering of hope that Britain would have produced a second *Cleomenes*, if not a *Phidias*, in the person of *Mr. Proctor*; but as his modesty was as great as his merit (and there exists no genuine talent without it), and his misfortunes being greater than both, he suffered himself to pine in want, rather than acquire comfort at the expense of what he deemed the dignity of his condition. At length *Mr. West* discovered him in a garret, in a state of starvation, modelling the calamity of *Diomedes* with all the fire of the Greek school: *Mr. Proctor* thus became relieved, and was favoured with the protection of *Sir Abraham Hume*; but the solacement came too late: the thread of nature was exhausted, and the unfortunate artist became a prey to death while preparations were making to send him to Rome.

(w) *Perraut*, who has gained immortal reputation as the great architect of the Louvre at Paris, was nevertheless subjected to the satirical lash of *Boileau*, merely because he happened to be brother of a very learned member of the French academy, between whom and the satirist there had been some literary wrangling, and for this alone has *Boileau* most ungenerously transmitted the name of *Perraut* to posterity with the character of a *light* and *paltry architect*.



Commentators

ON

Ancient Lore.

*Unus utrique error
Sed variis illudit partibus.*

Horace.

Each is enslaved by the same error, and the only difference is,
that it mocks them in various ways.

As prosing old book-worms will never rest quiet,
In comments they deal to the public dull diet,
With notes interlarding some work stamp'd as good,
Whose sense was till then by the world understood;

Whereas annotator, dame reason to puzzle,
 Enigmas must clap on her wide-gaping muzzle :
 Thus your author who penn'd *common sense* when
 he wrote,
 Must be chang'd into *nonsense* by help of *each note*. (y)

(y) I have very rarely had cause to impeach the liberality of Sir Scribblecumdash, but I must confess that the above lines, as containing nothing but reprehension of the present topic, do not place the poet in that point of view which, as a candid critic, should have been the ultimate intention of his metrical essay. I will certainly grant that many productions of the above nature do not tend either to instruct or amuse the reader; nevertheless such writers as *Strutt, Brand, Douce, &c.* cannot fail to demand that attention from the public which is due to intense reading, and the most ardent wish to illustrate the darker periods of British history, together with the manners and customs of our uncultivated progenitors. As we are upon the subject of ancient literature, I will here subjoin some anecdotes analogous to the point in question, for the information of individuals interested in this branch of literature.

The unrolling and explanation of the manuscripts found in Herculaneum are pursued with much industry by Messrs. *Rosini, Scotti, and Pesette*: they have, under the patronage of

the government, published some fragments of a Latin poem upon the war between *Mark Antony* and *Augustus*, and a considerable portion of the second book of *Epicurus* upon Nature. The above gentlemen do not despair of finding the whole treatise of this author. There has also been committed to the press a moral work of *Pisistratus*, the celebrated disciple of *Epicurus*; likewise some fragments of *Colote* upon the *Lycidias* of *Plato*, and of *Caniscus* upon Friendship. The entire work of *Phylodemus* upon Rhetoric is now nearly completed.

Count Rzewuski, of *Vienna*, is said to have in his possession an Arabic manuscript, written in the time of the Crusades, which records some curious particulars relative to the use of gun-powder in war, &c. and which also contains a genuine receipt for the Greek fire.

Among the precious MSS. of the Oriental Library of Monte-Casino, which may be considered as the cradle of sciences and letters, after the barbarism which followed the destruction of the Roman empire, there has just been found a Greek MS. of Apollonius Evander, the nephew of Apollonius of Rhodes. Among other important objects which this MS. contains, is a very detailed account of the eruption of Vesuvius, in the reign of *Titus*. A learned Hellenist will soon give us a translation of this work, with the Greek opposite to it.

We are told by *Menage*, that the tutor of a young French nobleman, while one day engaged at a game of tennis, chancing

to cast his eyes upon the racquet in his hand, perceived some writing upon the parchment which covered it, and having perused it with attention, found it to be part of one of the lost books of *Livy*: he immediately inquired for the racquet-maker, but found, to his great mortification, that what he had seen was the last remains of a collection of manuscripts, which were all made up for racquets, and dispersed over the kingdom.

Pamphleteers.

Turpe est aliud loqui, aliud sentire; quanto turpius aliud scribere, aliud sentire.

Seneca.

It is disgraceful to advance one thing and to think another; yet it is far more base to commit that to paper which is diametrically opposite to a man's real sentiments.

Of renown'd pamphleteers did I name all the band,
The list I might *ad infinitum* expand;
Gale Jones and a *Thelwall* wou'd each claim his place,
Erst toiling to blazon of freedom the grace;
While of date far more recent, our princes all jarring,
Such scribes as *Tom Hague* must call forth to be
sparring.

While *Clerical Baronet*, praising each feat (a)
 Perform'd in *Pall Mall*, oft alarm'd Catherine
 Street

With dastard attacks from true sycophant flowing,
 A mere dunghill-bird that gave cackling for crow-
 ing:

(a) Some years back, a statement of facts was ushered into the world by one *Major Hogan*, the purport of which was to vilify certain proceedings of the Commander in Chief, who then was, as the major wished to infer, under the influence of some *chere amie*. Of *Sir Richard Phillips's* pamphlet I have before spoken, and shall therefore pass on to *The Delicate Investigation*, a volume which, perhaps, excited more curiosity, and, when published, gave rise to speculations as manifold as ever yet followed the appearance of a new work. Of *Lady Perceval's* ebullitions, and the *fracas* between that dame and Messrs. *Mitford* and *Phipps*, it would be superfluous to speak, the subject having been so recently before the public in all the diurnal prints, and also made the topic of legal investigation. As pamphlets are so very frequently rendered the vehicles of abuse and libel, I shall terminate this note by relating an anecdote, which, as a novel method of giving publicity to slander, may not prove altogether uninteresting to the reader of this volume.

Yet with pride let me add, 'gainst the mean oring-
ing few,
Who with Rancour's loud yells dar'd the sufferer
pursue,

A blind man of *Paris*, retiring in the dusk to his hovel, after the day had been spent in begging with little success, was accosted by a person, who told him, that if he would go home with him he should find his account in it. The blind man joyfully consented to be conducted to his new friend's house, and was thus addressed by him: "I am not rich, and yet wish to show charity to the poor, which I have no other possibility of doing, unless by giving them parcels of tales and novels, which I compose, to sell at a very moderate price for their own benefit. Here, my friend, is a good parcel of them, which you shall dispose of at the rate of twopence each, although they are intrinsically worth thrice the money." The poor fellow, after expressing his gratitude, groped his way home exulting, and sallied out early the next morn, to enjoy the profits of his benefactor's productions. He cried his pamphlets by the title of *A New Novel*, as he had been directed, and for some time had no custom; but one of his books having been purchased and examined, the rest met with a most rapid sale, and the blind man returned homewards with his pockets well loaded. His pleasant ideas were, however, soon

In favour of innocence, on the long run,

Ten thousand the odds were oppos'd to each *one*.

'Twas the triumph of Truth 'gainst the Hydra of
Malice,

And the Monster at length drain'd its own poison'd
chalice.

checked, by his finding himself in the custody of an officer of the police, who told him that the book which he had sold was a most virulent and impudent satire against a person of rank. The poor blind man protested his innocence and told his tale, which, luckily for him, was believed; but he could give no information which could lead to the contriver of this very ingenious and new way of spreading abroad scandal with impunity.

Lexicographers.

Indocti discant, ament meminisse periti.

Let the illiterate acquire knowledge, and the learned man improve his recollection.

THOUGH plodding their toils, still my plaudits are
due

To Lexicographers—subordinate crew,

Without whom the writers on science might err,

And the genius with nonsense his flights often slur,

Since recurrence to works, such as these, scribes require,

As for cooking the kitchen wench needs a good fire :

The ground-work is language, which duly refin'd,
 Produces the ultimate feast for the mind ;
 So he that toils most in selecting his fare,
 Never fails of applause to secure the best share. (b)

(b) The *Diversions of Purley*, by the late Mr. Horne Tooke, is one of the most erudite productions that has issued from the British press, and is a convincing proof of the capacious mind and elaborate study of the writer ; indeed Mr. Tooke does not scruple to affirm, that *Doctor Johnson* himself was but a child, when considered in the light of a writer possessing any knowledge of the root of all languages. Had Mr. Tooke lived to complete the work, upon which he had been long engaged, there is little reason to doubt but he would have produced a labour unparalleled in the annals of lexicographical literature. An edition of *Johnson's Dictionary*, with the annotations of *Horne Tooke*, was knocked down, at the sale of that gentleman's effects, to Major James for two hundred pounds ; which sufficiently testifies the high consideration in which those strictures were held by the bid-

ders for the work in question.* As a writer of the above class, *Dr. Rees* is with justice universally esteemed; and although by no means an elegant composer, yet the labours of *Dr. Watkins*

* The following curious particulars relating to the sale of Horne Tooke's copy of Johnson's Dictionary may be relied on as fact.

When it was knocked down to Major James at the high price already stated, many persons were curious to know what could have induced him to pay such a sum, and especially when they perceived the Major carefully proceeding out of the auction room, with the volumes under his arm. Some few ventured to question him distinctly, whether he had bought the work for himself or for any other person? Major James ironically replied, that "the English nation had never truly appreciated the abilities of Horne Tooke; the only one who knew how to value them was the Emperor Napoleon, and for him he had purchased the volumes." Astonishment was now at its very height, and all who heard this declaration at once concluded that something prodigiously curious must be connected with the Dictionary. It should be observed that Horne Tooke was an honorary member of the French National Institute, and hence the *badinage* of Major James appeared the more probable. The motives, however, that induced Major James to make this purchase deserve to be known, as they are highly honourable to his character: they arose from a sincere desire to befriend the daughters of Horne Tooke, for whose benefit his books were being sold; and facts prove that his benevolent object was accomplished. The person who was commissioned to buy the volumes for Sir Francis Burdett ceased his bidding at £50, and the contest then lay between Mr. Rees for the booksellers, and Major James for the cause of humanity. The latter so far prevailed that by his "mad or foolish bidding," if any choose to call it either, £150 more were obtained for the daughters of Tooke than would otherwise have been had, besides £43 for the cards. Major James had a sincere regard for the father when living, and for his daughters he had thus kindly exerted himself. By the intervention of a common friend the volumes have been confided to the care of Mr. Rees, for the use of Mr. Todd, in his edition of Johnson's Dictionary; Mr. Rees stipulating to pay the £200 that were bid at the auction, and £43 for the cards; the volumes to be returned when Mr. Todd's edition is completed. The public, therefore, will have the benefit of Horne Tooke's labours, and Major James will possess the valuable original without any expense.

have met with the greatest encouragement. I shall now wind up my note with an anecdote, which may be relied upon as matter of fact, and as appertaining to so extraordinary a character may perhaps afford some share of entertainment.

The *Emperor Napoleon* was one day giving directions to the minister of the marine, and consulting him upon the feasibility of some action of importance: as the views of *Bonaparte* did not, however, coincide with the ideas of this personage, he started several objections, and the better to turn the emperor from putting his plans into effect, informed him that it was morally *impossible* to secure success; when Napoleon replied, with a smile, "Erase the word *impossible* from your *dictionary*; it is a term, sir, I never admit into mine."

Catalogue Makers.

Id maxime quemque decet, quod est cujusque suum maxime.

That best becomes every man which he is by nature intended to perform.

RECORDED the last of our versatile band,
Compilers for Catalogues here take their stand ;
A Britton, by Stafford's great Marquis selected,
Enrolling of Painters, his samples collected ;
A print-vending phalanx of portraits rare judges,
With Flindal that, fool-like, in zany's track trudges ;

And lastly, those scribes for collectors close shavers,
Who catalogue works of the ancient engravers.
All these with long list hath the Printing Art
noted,
So *Scribblecumdash* thinks their toils should be
quoted;
Since aught that pertains to the *Press* he must *Hook*,
Or *Printer's* black devils will call him to *Book*;
So greeting each imp in his true inkish plight,
For breath he must pause ere he 'gins a new
flight.(c)

(c) *Mr. Britton* has published, under the auspices of the *Marquis of Stafford*, a descriptive catalogue of that nobleman's choice collection of pictures, which is not one of this writer's happiest efforts. *Mr. Dibdin* is engaged in writing a list of the classical library of the *Earl of Spencer*, which will no doubt be handled with becoming acumen, as the writer in question has so long made ancient and valuable literature his unceasing study. With respect to engravings, a man of the name of *Flindal* has issued forth a production replete with nothing but errors, while the *Chaleographiana*, a mere reprint of marked catalogues, with

a few annotations on the mania of portrait collecting, has also been ushered forth by *Mr. Caulfield*, so well known among the collectors and illustrators of *Granger*, *Clarendon*, &c. &c. I shall refrain from burdening my page with more writers of this class, who, generally speaking, possess, like *Mr. Oldys*, but a slender portion of genius or classical learning, but, like the last-mentioned personage long since defunct, are in every respect calculated for index reading, a knowledge of title-pages, and a perfect insight as to every thing connected with scarce English books, their different editions, &c. in which dry walk *Mr. Oldys* was never surpassed.

Moral Writers.

Verba animi proferre, et vitam impendere vero.

Juvenal.

To deliver the effusions of the mind, and to venture one's life for the truth.

No labour tends more mortal genius to raise
Than ably recording Morality's praise : (d)

(d) The greatest honour is conferred upon the English press, by the production of the multifarious publications wherewith it has teemed, from the pens of both sexes, during the last fifty years; as this topic, however, applies to the following head, as well as that which treats of the expounders of Christianity, I shall, without further comment, dismiss the present note, and proceed to speak of the Lady next adverted to by the poetaster.

From whence she takes flight to illumine a sphere,
Where Faith, Virtue, Honour, transcendant ap-
pear. (e)

Last *Cælebs* salutes us in search of a wife,
Who looks for a gem far above human life ;

(e) The productions of this writer are very numerous, and uniformly characterized by an undeviating attention to the principles of religion and morality. Her system of female education is certainly one of the best now extant; and if, as it is asserted, a very high ecclesiastical dignitary frequently lent his aid to further the literary views of this writer, it confers the greater honour upon her endeavours, as the sanction of the good and the learned is the surest test of the sincerity of this lady's professions. If we regard the style of this author's writings, it will be found extremely flowing, while the strictest attention is paid to render the subject comprehensible to the meanest capacity; in which effort she is the more happy, as the end is completely answered, without infringing upon the principles of chaste and elegant literature. As I have, at the commencement of this note, offered a tribute of praise to the system of female education as laid down by *Hannah More*, I will, for the edification of the female sex, subjoin the opinion of a very clever departed writer, whose

Thus the pages, though pure, rarely pourtray a feature

Descriptive of Truth, and the dictates of Nature ;
Still pure in its moral, it claims high commending,
Corrective of trash through our *Novels* extending.

mental acumen has, I believe, completely stood the test of criticism.

Of the effects of education in women, and the evils resulting from the want of it, *De Foe* expresses his opinion in the following manner : “ A well-bred woman, and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison ; her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments, her person is angelic, and her conversation heavenly. She is all softness and sweetness, peace, love, wit, and delight ; she is every way suitable to the sublimest wish, and the man that has such a one to his portion has nothing to do but rejoice in her and be thankful. On the other hand, suppose her to be the same woman, and deprived of the benefit of education, and it follows thus : If her temper be good, her want of education makes her soft and easy ; her wit, for want of teaching, ren-

This writer, to rectitude's principles true,
Hath ever kept *Porteus, Blair, Paley*, in view,
Alluring with truths, which are sanction'd by Heaven,
Such precepts as tend to correct mundane leaven ;
For the theme of Redemption ne'er puzzles our sense,
We are taught to prepare for our journey from hence.
Omniscience inculcates no rules with the rod,
The lesson of tenderness flows from our God ;
And those who feel most for humanity's thrall
Approximate nearest the *Great Judge of All*.

ders her impertinent and talkative ; her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical : if her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse, and she grows haughty, insolent, and loud ; if she be passionate, want of manners makes her a termagant and a scold, which is much as one with a lunatic ; if she be proud, want of discretion (which is still ill breeding) makes her conceited, fantastic, and ridiculous ; and from these she degenerates to be turbulent ; clamorous, noisy, nasty, and the devil."

Writers upon Education.

*Udum et molle lutum es ; nunc nunc properandus et acri
Fingendas sine fine rotâ.*

Persius.

Thou art now but as soft and moist clay, and therefore incessantly to be moulded by the glowing wheel.

To those who have conn'd well our dawning career,
And a just code have fram'd infant passions to steer,
The parent must ever a just debt confess,
Since tuition, well fraught, must maturity bless ;

While toils of a writer true judgment impart,
Whose precepts to Virtue expand the young heart; (f)
Like gem in the bulse as produc'd from the soil,
Ere its lustre is seen, needs the artizan's toil ;

(f) If the rising generation do not greatly excel its predecessors in the knowledge and practice of humanity, every philosopher, divine, and poet, who has glanced upon the subject of education, will have completely failed in his conjecture. Eighty years back it would have been deemed the height of folly in an author to appropriate his talents to the service of an infantile race. The whole juvenile library then consisted of a dry book, entitled "*Geography for Children*," and in a set of volumes descriptive of *Westminster Abbey* and the *Tower of London*; *Mother Goose* also added her tales, from which neither instruction nor moral was to be acquired. The ingenious *Christopher Smart* was the first man of talent who thought the minds and morals of children deserving of literary attention. In his *Lilliputian Magazine* he inculcated the best principles, but at the same time thought it necessary to introduce into the drama "*Woglog the Great Giant*," in order to terrify and amuse by turns. From the success experienced by *Smart*, a new class of writers appeared, who have exerted their talents to compose histories in common life, which uniformly tend to inculcate sua-

So youth, when expanding, requires Education, (g)
To show mental light, be whatever the station ;

vity of manners, with the practice of morality and religion. Children thus tutored must indubitably retain some portion of the precepts so inculcated, and where the seeds of virtue are early planted there can be no doubt but the procreative soil will expand the ripening germs, and in the end produce a plenteous harvest.

*Instrue præceptis animum nec discere cesses,
Nam sine Doctrina vita est quasi Mortis Imago.*

In Learning's Precepts spend thy latest breath,
Life without Learning bears the stamp of Death.

(g) If we continue to dilate upon female tuition, a very striking instance of perfection is handed down to us from undeniable authority, in the family of *Sir Thomas More*, in the reign of *Henry the 8th* ; upon which subject I shall beg leave to dwell a little, in order to excite emulation in the minds of those who can justly appreciate the incalculable benefits derivable from education.

Wherefore those who most ably such dictates convey,
All the blazonry claim of bright honour's array. (*h*)

"Fuit ejus domus," says Erasmus, "schola et gymnasium Christianæ religionis."—"The tutors of More's children were John Clements, who was afterwards a Greek professor at Oxford; William Gonellus (or Gunnell), afterwards distinguished at Cambridge; Richard Hertius; one Drus, and one Nicholas," says Stapleton, *Vit. Mori*, 221, 2. More's letter to Gonellus, concerning the education of his children (which Stapleton has extracted, p. 224), is full of curious information and great tenderness of sentiment. Most of the learned men of that day, Erasmus, Ludovicus Vives, and Grynæus, celebrated the school of More.

Erasmus, from whom we derive these particulars, and who was often an inmate of that delightful society, greatly captivated with the easy manners, the animated conversation, and the extraordinary accomplishments of More's daughters, could not help owning himself a complete convert to More's sentiments of *female education*. Yet while he admired their improvement, and shared in the pleasures it diffused, he could not help remarking one day to his friend, how severe a calamity it would be, if, by any of those fatalities to which the human race is liable, such ac-

complished beings, whom he had so painfully and successfully laboured to improve, should happen to be snatched away! "If they are to die," replied More, without hesitating, "I would rather have them die *well informed* than *ignorant*." * This reply, continues Erasmus, reminded me of a saying of Phocion, whose wife, as he was about to drink the poison according to his sentence, exclaimed, "Ah! my husband, you die innocent!" "And would you, my wife," he rejoined, "rather have me die guilty?"—*Macdiarmid's Lives of British Statesmen*, p. 32. *Erasm. Epist.* 605.

Warner, at p. 154, speaking of Margaret Roper, says—Of his two youngest daughters we know nothing, but that they were married to gentlemen; but his eldest daughter, *Margaret*, the wife of *Mr. Roper*, and the favourite child of Sir Thomas More, who has been often mentioned in this history, was a woman of extraordinary parts and learning. She wrote declamations in English, which her father and she turned so elegantly into Latin, that it was very difficult to determine which was best. She wrote also a treatise of the "four last things," with so much piety, judgment, and strength of reasoning, that her father declared it was a better performance than a discourse which he had written himself on the same subject. Erasmus wrote an epistle to her, as to a woman famous, not only for her manners and virtue, but for true and solid learning. And Cardinal Pole was so charmed with the elegance of her Latin style, that it was long before he could be brought to believe that what he read

was penned by a woman. In short, she was a perfect mistress of the Greek and Latin tongues, and of all sorts of music, with a great skill in arithmetic and many sciences, and was complimented by the greatest men of the age on that account.

The three daughters of Sir Thomas were born first, which is stated to have given his wife much uneasiness, whose constant prayer was that she might produce a boy; which event, at length taking place, and the child proving little better than a fool, Sir Thomas told his wife, "that she had prayed so long for a boy, that she had one now who would be a boy as long as he lived." Notwithstanding these natural disadvantages, Sir Thomas More did every thing for the improvement of his son's mind, and, although incapable of rendering him a shining figure, and the worthy representative of such a father, he nevertheless displayed the wholesome effects of a good education, and thus made a sterile soil productive of some fruit.

(h) In addition to *Hannah More*, we have the late *Dr. Gregory's* Legacy to his Daughters, which I conceive to be very far from correct in many of its dictates. A *Mr. Gregory* also, who ranked among the dissenters, was as pure in his system of practical education, as he was conspicuous for the virtues of the heart. To the labours of *Lindley Murray* the rising generation will own itself highly indebted, while the volumes of *Mistresses Bonhote* and *Trimmer* will ever be regarded with the most respectful consideration by the instructors of youth. Add to these

the names of *Butler* and *Shepherd*, together with a variety of others, who, if not chronicled in this note, are not the less honoured by the writer, who conceives that there is scarcely a class of individuals devoted to literature who are more worthy of panegyric than those persons whose meritorious labours are uniformly dedicated to expand the intellect and amend the human heart.

Our code void of quirks in a *Blackstone* is seen ;
 From *Burn's* Jurisprudence staunch precepts we
 glean,

While our Rights from '*Delolme*(i) are at once
 understood,

" *That Freedom acquir'd by our Forefathers' blood.*"

Such works fundamental for aye stand enroll'd,
 Such names shou'd grace adamant, blazon'd in gold.
 As a limb of the Bar, I with honour renown 'em,
 And exulting with circlet unfading thus crown 'em. (j)

(i) It is not a little surprising to observe, that the best treatise upon the British constitution was written by the French gentleman above named; while the history of England, from whence every later writer has composed his work, has uniformly been that of *Rapin de Thoyras*, who also owed his birth to France, and which work, although prolix, is completely void of prejudice, and full of learned and amusing annotations.

(j) Although *Sir Scribblecumdash* has advanced so much in praise of this subject, I must beg leave to remark, that however good the *laws themselves* may be, it is far otherwise with their *Limbs*; wherefore that no reader, judging from the above cou-

plets, may be prompted to run headlong into danger, I shall trouble him with the following statements, which having perused, "let him then go to law with what appetite he may."

Mr. Selwyn, a very sagacious and experienced citizen, (who was formerly a candidate for the office of chamberlain of London, and missed it only by seven votes out of 7000), used to say, that a man who deliberates about going to law should have

1. A good cause.
2. A good purse.
3. An *honest* and skilful attorney.
4. Good evidence.
5. Able counsel.
6. An upright judge.
7. An intelligent jury.
8. Good luck; without which, with all the other seven, it is odds but he miscarries in his suit.

In Burton on Melancholy, p. 50, he states as follows: "He that goes to law, as the proverbe is, holds a wolfe by the eares, or, as a sheepe in a storme, runs for shelter to a brier. If he prosecute his cause, he is consumed; if he surcease his suit, he looseth all. What difference?"

An advocate of Strasbourg being suddenly taken ill, sent for a brother lawyer to make his will, by which he bequeathed 72,000 florins to the Hospital of Idiots in that city. His

brother advocate, expressing his surprise at this bequest, "Why not bestow that sum upon them?" (said the dying man) "You know I got my money by *fools*, and therefore to fools it ought to return."

Do we not find these lords sedate
Make laws themselves, so intricate,
That one act patches up another—
As rogue will rogue—because a brother.
In vain for verdict ye resort,
And come with clean hands into court,
Since right and wrong give equal sport
To counsel—who'll cross-question so,
That, whether witness will or no,
He'll surely gainsay what is sooth,
And mar with lie the naked truth.
In vain on high sits Justice scowling;
In vain poor Goddess makes a growling;
They heed her not, but with ear-clinkers
Out-argue right—as for her blinkers,
Lest their keen glance shou'd raise a stir,
They've bound 'em up with muckinger.
An oath to him who'd truth be killing
Is kiss the book, and *give a shilling*;
Nor more nor less—for when digestion
Is strong with conscience—to each question
Witness may cut pert counsel short,
By stating he remembers nought.

Thus what with flaws the truth defeating,
And pleaders' impudent brow-beating;
Judges who vary on the case,
Good allegations out of place;
A witness who can not remember
If 'twas in August or December;
In short, such ugly cross-grain'd things,
With fifty others, trial brings.
And where's in this the wonder, pray?
Did not a famous Judge once say,
That speaking truth deserves as well
Punition, being a *Label*,
As he who truth doth vilify,
By telling a confounded lie:
So from that hour when Truth's been stripp'd
In courts for blabbing—she's been whipp'd.



Expounders of Christianity.

Chi amò Dio, amò ancora la sua Chiesa.

Whoso loves the Divinity, loves his Church also.

ALL hail, sacred flame, that religion inspires!
I bend to the impulse that kindles thy fires;
Since those who with pathos instil the pure code
Throw beams of salvation on life's rugged road. (k)

(k) No work has more justly acquired fame than the *Beauties of Christianity*, from the pen of the celebrated *Chateau-*

'Tis the faith of our realm unpolluted I follow,
 The stores of a PALEY (*l*) enraptur'd I swallow;
 Meek purity shines in Christ's lesson of grace,
 And simplicity blazons Religion's true race.

briand: it is by this writer that we are conducted through so many new and beautiful paths to a view of the cause; the operations of which are delineated in a manner that, in point of originality, cannot fail to astonish, and, in point of utility, to instruct us. This writer has made all the productions of modern literature and the fine arts appear more venerable and august, because he points out the extent of their obligations to that religion which has stamped her own image upon them, and consecrated them to her service. And thus it is that Christianity, viewed through the medium of the works of *Milton*, *Bosquet*, *Masillon*, *Michael Angelo*, and *Raphael*, appears still more striking to the imagination.

(*l*) There is no offspring from the genius of *Mr. Paley* which has not conferred honour upon his name: he is one of the sincerest and most masterly advocates for the divine cause he has espoused; and, while a sentiment of religion and a love of moral truth exist in this country, the pages of the above writer will be read with an enthusiasm proportionate to the benefit which they are formed to confer upon the human race.

Such themes let me hail! while the scribe that di-
verges,
And wafts my poor bark on tempestuous surges,
Though protestant rated, for me ne'er shall write;
There is but *one road* to the beacon of *Light*: (m)

(m) At the end of the Bible which was the property of the late *Sir W. Jones*, so justly celebrated for his researches into the literature, mythology, and antiquities of Hindostan, appears the following note in his own hand-writing: "I have regularly and attentively read these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion, that this volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been composed. The two parts of which the scriptures consist are connected by a chain of compositions which bear no resemblance, in form or style, to any that can be produced from the stores of Grecian, Persian, or even Arabian learning. The antiquity of those compositions no man doubts; and the unstrained application of them to events long subsequent to their publication, is a solid ground of belief that they are genuine predictions, and consequently inspired." *Mr. Stevens*, the late *Shaksperian* commentator,

That path will I journey—salvation's my song,
In pursuit of which aim I can never go wrong.

was precisely of the same opinion with the scientific writer above quoted, in regard to the superlative beauties which are contained in Holy Writ.

In the reign of Henry VI. a law was passed against the perusal of the Scriptures in English. It is enacted, "That whatsoever they were that should read the Scriptures in the mother tongue, they should forfeit land, catel, lif, and godes, from theyre heyres for ever, and to be condemned for heretykes to God, enemies to the crowne, and most errant traitors to the lande." On contrasting the above statute with the indefatigable exertions now made to print and circulate the Bible, what an extraordinary revolution in public sentiments has taken place within a few centuries!

Infidel Writers.

*Est profecto Deus, qui quæ nos gerimus auditque et videt;
Neque id verum existimo, quod vulgo dicitur
Fortuna, humana finget artatque, ut lubet.*

Terence.

There can be no doubt but a Divinity exists, who sees and hears all that we do and say. I disbelieve what is ordinarily affirmed, that we are indebted to Fortune alone for all the vicissitudes incidental to human affairs.

FROM anarchy's tide, that o'erwhelm'd Gallia's plain,
When nature appeal'd to the bosom in vain;
Till, shrinking with terror, she paralyz'd stood
To view children moisten the land with their blood;

His tenets the Infidel then spoke quite free ;
E'en Atheists vaunted—*if such there can be : (n)*

(n) There never was a time when so many enemies surrounded the pure Christian faith, and with such persevering contumacy, as at the present period. Some step forward as affectionate friends, and, by painting her doctrines as painful to be followed, and her commands as impracticable to be obeyed, thus discourage and force into Deism all such as despair of attaining to a state of perfection. Others, with a well-feigned delicacy and respect, trace Christianity from its source, and pursue it from its tenderest age to maturity with invidious sarcasms and masqued sneers. But the most effectual, and consequently the most dangerous, foes to revealed religion, are a phalanx of Polemics, who perhaps enter into these disputations without being aware of the extent of the mischief they are doing. Heated by controversies on Trinity or Unity, on Socinianism or Arianism, they scruple not to call in any auxiliary to their aid rather than relinquish an iota of argument, and thus permit the purity of faith to be ravaged by fiery Methodists on the one side, and obdurate Jews on the other, to the no small gratification of the sneering Deist, who imagines that he thus acquires a great advantage on the score of *natural* religion, as he denominates his system, by thus exposing the numerous divisions, persecutions, scurrilities, and anathemas of those who have taught, and still pretend to inculcate, the precepts of

From whence issu'd themes to subvert Revelation,
And shroud the bright beams of eternal salvation.
Such comments as once were with vulgar the rage,
When of *Reason Paine* printed his blasphemous *Age*,
And allur'd shallow wits, while pretending to scan
Superlative Rights of the *uninform'd Man*.
For works of this stamp, ev'ry evil uniting,
No lash dipp'd in gall is sufficiently biting;
Since the vulgar, at all times by novelty caught,
To infidel tenets submit void of thought;
Wherefore he that converts to such use sense's
pow'r,
To the world is a tiger, let loose to devour.

divine revelation. Without, therefore, entering into a controversy, which the writer condemns, he merely ventures to remark, that every attempt to solve the counsels of the Supreme, to investigate mysteries which are enveloped in darkness, and which, if revealed, would prove of no concern to man's future happiness, seems an effort but of petulant curiosity, and as such may probably be displeasing to the sublime Arbiter of fate, who, had he intended the nature of his government to be understood on earth, would certainly have precluded all necessity of disputations upon the subject.

Huntington.

But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil :
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of Holy Writ,
And seem a Saint when most I play the Devil.

If truth now is in me, I blush, gentle reader,
To note down the tenets of shameful seceder
From Protestant doctrine, whose purpose was pelf,
Converting Religion to benefit—*self*.
From brain of this hypocrite works without number
Have serv'd to accumulate blasphemous lumber. (*p*)

(*p*) The numerous compositions of this arch-hypocrite are not only a disgrace to the press, but a melancholy proof of the besotted state into which a large portion of the community has

Unlike former *Wesleys*, who virtues possess'd,
A *Whitfield* or *Hill*, though I deem each a pest,

sunk, which can tolerate such barefaced profanation. As it would be wasting words to say more in reprehension of the writings to which I allude, the remainder of this stricture shall be dedicated to anecdotes, in some measure illustrative of the rhapsodical nonsense of these defilers of the principles of salvation.

The following is a definition of the spirit of salvation delivered by the Rev. *Mr. Owen*, late of *Fulham*, in a style which by far surpasses any definition handed down to us by Dr. Johnson, the great pioneer of literature.

“The spirit of salvation is a sweetly vibrating testimonial, a soul comforting assurance, that we are treading in the way pointed out by the *warp* of all nature, to that final goal of soul subduing bliss, in etherial regions of transcendant emotion of the mind, distinct from material sensation, for ever receiving and exciting it with the new warmth of their everlasting ecstasies, made more dear by uniting with him in tenfold *folds* of unsubstantial sympathy, rendered doubly pleasing by the almost inextinguishable flame of all pervading love. This (says *Mr. O.*) is the only definition that, in my humble opinion, has any claim to intelligibility.”

This *coal-heaver* vow'd he was link'd in God's
tether,
Who prov'd famous maker of short-clothes of leather,

Some years back, two sailors went ashore at *Charles Town, Carolina*; they naturally advanced towards a crowd which had gathered round the celebrated *Whitfield*, who was preaching with great vehemence against the sins of his auditory. The tars arrived just in time to hear the pastor exclaim, with infinite force of gesticulation, "and I your *pastor*, your *teacher*, shall be forced to bear witness against you at the awful day of judgment."—"Halloo, Jack!" cried one of the sailors, who was divided by the crowd from his messmate, "D——n my eyes, if that isn't just as it goes at the Old Bailey; the greatest rogue always turns king's evidence."

Dr. Bacon, some time fellow of *Oxford*, chanced one morning to ride by a methodist chapel, and on seeing these words, "*Let your moderation be known to all men*," painted in large capitals on the door, he alighted, took out his pencil, and wrote the following lines immediately under:

What! talk of *moderation*, sons of w——res!
Who've shut your *moderation* out of doors.

Of Taylors great master—renown'd for all stitches,
 Purveyor, that *gratis* found Coat, Waistcoat,
 Breeches ;

With precepts thus damning to sense and the soul,
 Our *Huntington* gain'd curst profanity's goal.
 Even *Wilberforce* self such vile trash must deride,
 Since the knave and the fool thro' this code are de-
 scried.

With Methodist dogmas the press teems we find, (q)
 Nor will the Dissenters e'en lag far behind ;

(q) In order to expose the advocates and writers in support of these anti-protestant opinions, one *Joseph Nightingale* published a work, entitled *A Portrait of Methodism and Catholicism*, which places the followers of these doctrines in the most disgusting point of view ; it may not be superfluous to add, that the writer of the work in question has not enrolled his name with the booksellers in a manner very creditable to himself on the score of honourable dealing.

Having advanced so much in opposition to this class of writers, generally speaking, I cannot in justice withhold the follow-

But when such a race of iniquity's run,
As tarnish'd the annals of *Bill Huntington*, (r)

ing curious statement, which proves that there is no rule without an exception.

At the *York Assizes*, in 1803, *John Holden*, clerk to a respectable house in *Leeds*, was tried on a charge of forgery, found guilty, and received condemnation : his family sustained a very respectable rank in *Halifax*, and his father in particular was a most worthy character. Immediately after the sentence passed upon the unhappy son, a dissenting minister in that neighbourhood, of the Baptist persuasion, who had been long and intimately attached to the father, presumed to address his Majesty in a moving petition for the pardon of the son of his deceased friend. Fully aware that it has been almost an invariable rule with the Sovereign to grant no pardon for the crime of forgery, he had little hopes of success ; but his petition prevailed, and the pardon was granted. That the solicitation of a private individual should thus have succeeded, while similar applications, urged by numbers and backed with the weight of personal influence, should have failed, may no doubt excite astonishment : the following circumstance, however, the veracity of which may be relied upon, will tend to explain the singularity of the preceding statement. In the year 1802, a divine, preaching before the

No longer with laughter as folly I treat it,
From blasphemy shrinking, with terror I meet it,

Royal Family, quoted a passage, illustrative of his text, from a living author, whose name however was not mentioned. The extract arrested the King's attention, who, at the conclusion of the service, inquired from what author the quotation was made; when, being informed that he was a dissenting minister resident in Yorkshire, his Majesty gave orders for the book to be procured, and the author was made acquainted with his Sovereign's pleasure. The work was accordingly transmitted to the King, accompanied by a letter, expressive of the sense the author entertained of the high honour thus conferred upon him. It is said that his Majesty was so highly gratified with the production, that he desired the author might be informed of his readiness to serve him. The petition, presented for the pardon of the young man shortly after, afforded this disinterested and amiable minister the opportunity of supplicating at the hands of his Monarch the exercise of his royal prerogative; while at the same time it exhibited a no less favourable characteristic of the Sovereign, who by his acquiescence evinced the truth and sincerity of his proffered service. That our suffering Monarch, after having voluntarily given assurance of his favour to an obscure and humble (though meritorious) individual, should be induced to depart from an established rule rather than violate the sacredness of his

And with wonder contemplate the source of all
Grace,
That suffer'd such monster its name to debase.

pledge, displays a dignity of mind which elevates his character above all panegyric.

(r) This man, whose sole aim was the accumulation of pelf, reminds me of an anecdote told of a pretended proselyte, who obtained from *James the First* the Deanery of *Windsor*. This personage was extremely fond of persuading others to acts of charity, but would never contribute himself; in consequence of which, upon application being made to the chapter of *Windsor* respecting some pecuniary concern, one of the prebends gave the following answer—" *Qui suadet sua det.*" As we are now occupied upon the subject of *licensed preachers*, the following statement will tend to prove that this mode of conduct is not of very recent date.

In 1555, *Mr. Tavernier* had a special license, signed by King Edward VI. to preach in any place of his Majesty's dominions, though he was a layman; and he is said to have preached before the King at court, wearing a velvet bonnet or round cap, a damask gown, and gold chain about his neck. He appeared in the pulpit at *St. Mary's* with a sword by his side, and

a gold chain about his neck, and preached to the scholars, beginning his sermon in these words: "Arriving at the mount of St. Mary's, in the stony stage where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits, baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation."

Johanna Southcote.^(s)

Fallacia alia aliam trudit.

Terence.

The production of one Imposture usually engenders many more.

OF writers, one more of this ungodly class
Shall suffice to reflect, as in Infidel's glass,

(s) Whether this woman is an arch impostor, or really conceives herself to be that which she pretends, is of little consequence to the community at large : her tenets have certainly fascinated many thousands ; and such being the fact, she is a danger-

A spirit with tenets infernal imbu'd,
By foul demonocracy wholly subdu'd :

ous member of society, and ought to be subjected to such punishment as would either compel her to own her hypocrisy, or bring her to a just sense of the delusion under which she labours, for

Nihil in speciem fallacius, quam prava religio, ubi deorum numen pratenditur sceleribus.

Nothing has a more deceiving face than false religion, where devotion is pretended by the wicked.

Johanna Southcote, however, is not the only female who has deceived personages reputed for their wisdom and sanctity; since in Fuller's Church History, book v. p. 187, speaking of *Sir Thomas More's* belief in the Maid of Kent, he says, "I am heartily sorry that the gravity of *John Fisher*, bishop of *Rochester*, should be so light, and the sharp sight of *Sir Thomas More* so blinde, as to give credit to so notorious an *Impostrix*, which plunged them both into the King's deep displeasure." As for *Elizabeth Barton*, soon after, she was executed with many of her complices and complotters. The *papists* at this day, unable to defend her forgery, and unwilling to confess her cheating, seek to salve all by pleading her to be distracted. Thus, if succeed-

This woman asserts she's the Saviour's elect, (t)
And his bride in the trappings of prophetess deck'd ;

ing she had been praised (and perchance canonized) for her devotion ; now failing, she must be pardoned and pitied for her distraction.

As the following instances of individuals disseminating novel doctrines are not generally known, I shall subjoin them for the amusement and information of the reader.

Quirinus Kuhlman, a native of *Breslau*, who broached his extravagant opinions in the seventeenth century, is but little known. At the age of eighteen he thought himself inspired by a divine "afflatus," which formed itself always around his head like a globe of light. His genius was by no means inconsiderable : he wrote "*Prodromus Quinquennii mirabilis*," and prepared for the press "*Le clef de l'Eternite et du Temps*." In order to establish his doctrines, he roamed through Britain, Italy, and the East : he made few proselytes, but still wandered unmolested. In 1689, however, his good fortune forsook him, for having disseminated some heterodox dogmas in Russia, the priests of that country made him expiate his heresies at the stake.

That her mission below is God's will to reveal,
 And the passport for thousands on high—her own
 Seal;

Gonzales Baudara, a cobbler of *Lisbon*, in 1540, had nearly ended his days at the stake, under a sentence of the Inquisition, for uttering absurd predictions. By a singular revolution in human affairs it so happened, that a century afterwards, when the House of *Braganza* rose to the throne of Portugal, some of this cobbler's fanatic effusions were judged to have pointed out clearly the events which had then so recently happened; and thus the memory of a man, who had with difficulty escaped the flames as an impostor, was after death honoured as an inspired prophet.

(*t*) None of the rhapsodies of this modern enthusiast have ever surpassed the tale narrated in the following effusion, which is literally translated from a Latin breviary; printed by command of *Pope Pius V.* at *Antwerp*, in 1677.

“ The holy brother, *Philip Nerio*, deeply affected by zeal to-
 “ wards the Supreme Being, lived in a perpetual languor; and
 “ his heart burnt with such ardor, that when it could not be con-

While her coming betokens Millennium arriv'd,
When Nick will of Freedom by her be depriv'd.

“ tained within its proper bounds, the Creator most wonderfully
“ enlarged its sphere of action, by breaking and raising up two
“ of his ribs. Sometimes, when performing his holy duties, or
“ fervently praying, he was visibly lifted from the ground, and
“ appeared to shine with a wondrous brightness. The poor and
“ the needy he relieved with universal charity: he was even
“ thought worthy of bestowing alms on an angel, who conde-
“ scended to receive them in the figure of an indigent person;
“ and once, when carrying provisions to the poor, he had
“ stumbled into a pitfall, he was delivered safe from danger by
“ the interposition of that heavenly being. Humble in his nature,
“ he ever avoided honours, and with constancy refused the first
“ ecclesiastic dignities, which were unsolicitedly pressed upon
“ him.”

The rhapsodical nonsense of this woman being communicated to her disciples through the medium of pictorial representations, the ensuing statements will tend to show the different light in which the puritans were led to regard all subjects of this nature.

The following votes are extracted from the Journals of the *House of Commons*, bearing date July 23, 1645.

Time was lying *Brothers* with her well agreed,
Till thinking *his folly* as good as *her creed*,
He affirm'd all prediction from her did not flow,
For that he rank'd the Prophet in chief here below;
Which made our *Johanna*, in wonderful dudgeon,
Declare that friend *Brothers* was but a curmudgeon:
When, lo! they both split as the poles wide asunder,
So liar will never to liar knock under.
Of late, though our prophetess formerly said,
That she to the Saviour of Mankind was wed,
And with him incessantly holds converse sweet,
Yet the Lord is resolv'd she shall taste *carnal* treat,

Ordered, that all such pictures and statutes there (*York House*), as are without any superstition, shall be forthwith sold, for the benefit of *Ireland* and the *North*.

Ordered, that all such pictures there, as have the representation of the Second Person in the Trinity upon them, shall be forthwith burnt.

Ordered, that all such pictures there, as have the representation of the Virgin Mary upon them, shall be forthwith burnt.

And though past threescore is resolv'd on a wedding,
ding,

That with sinful man she may now get a bed-in.

But straight to dismiss all this scene of sly funning,

This picture repellant of blasphemous cunning,

May truth on the minds of deluded soon break,

And banish such clouds of illusion opaque ;

For with pain I must add, not to vulgar alone

This *furor* belongs, since some learned are prone

To foster these cheats, which are govern'd by spell

Of Satan himself—and are false as his Hell.

Here close we a topic to Science abhorrent,

Subduing poor bigots like o'erwhelming torrent.

Ah ! wou'd that the Press on such scribes now cou'd
close,

And doom irreligion for aye to repose ;

For no class of writers that sin can suborn,

Is worse than those fiends who can laugh Truth to
scorn ;

For while from pure faith they mislead man below,
The spirit is tutor'd for regions of woe;
For the wretch, uninform'd, thinks each scriptural
scrap

His system imbues with Salvation's strong sap.
True Sophist, he's govern'd by nothing but quirks,
No deeds but quotations in him show good works :
He lives to delude, and exists in delusion,
Then wakes after Death—to eternal confusion.

* * The gross and impudent delusion of this woman's pregnancy seems nearly at an end. The most besotted of her followers begin to be sensible of the contempt which they incur; and we suspect that sagacious and acute accoucheur, Dr. Reece, by this time, wishes that the venerable virgin had lain-in time enough to establish his professional talents. Whether Johanna be a rank impostor, a wretched idiot, or a deplorable lunatic, it is difficult to say; but there can be no difficulty in affirming that all her proselytes are fools. We understand one of her followers was detected in negotiating for a young Shiloh, down in Wiltshire, with a poor woman who had twins. Surely Dr. Reece ought to help her to a babe, to save his own credit.

Miscellaneous Writers.

————— *Tenet insanabile multos*

Scribendi cacoethes, ægroque in corde senescit.

Many are bitten with an unconquerable furor for writing, which takes full possession of their infatuated intellects.

LIKE Sportsman, large covey unlook'd for surprizing,

That shoots quite at random the game as it's rising,

I, *Scribblecumdash*, at mine authors let fly;

All Scribes in one focus, enchaining mine eye.

With style chaste and easy appear *Rhetoricians*,
 And cool-headed, deep thinking, *Mathematicians*.^(u)
 Proficients well tutor'd in *Chemistry*'s school, ^(v)
 Practitioners vers'd in *Geometry*'s rule;
Agricultural writers, enhancing the worth
 Of *Husbandman*'s labours, and grain-yielding earth;
 Adepts in the tillage of *Gardening* soils,
 Displaying to view *Horticultural* toils;

(u) The small remains of *Longinus* sufficiently testify the abilities possessed by that ancient classic writer; while *Burke* on the *Sublime and Beautiful* will for ever reflect honour upon his name, as a writer of the most finished and elegant style of composition. The great utility of the study of mathematics is too generally known to require further comment; I shall therefore content myself with naming *Dr. Hutton* as one of the most scientific labourers in this walk of literature.

(v) Among the various writers on chemistry *Arthur Aikin* and *Reece* stand in a most conspicuous point of view; while as a geometrician no living author has exceeded the labours of *Keith*; and on reference to the subject of husbandry, *Sinclair* has written in a most perspicuous style: added to whom must be

A *Wildman*, in *Apiary's* study well taught, (*w*)
Of *Buffon*, the Students in Nature, well fraught ;

recorded the name of *William Aiton*, whose research has greatly facilitated the labour of gardening in all its useful and amusing branches. With respect to agriculture, it may not be amiss to mention the opinion of many individuals engaged in this pursuit, who very gravely affirmed, that during the fire of London plants vegetated which were only known to flourish in the East Indies. The belief of these persons was, that there existed but one seed in nature, which produced different plants according to the degree of heat, whereby it was brought to perfection.

Pliny tells us of one *Cresin*, who only manured a piece of ground which produced fruits in abundance, whilst his neighbours lands were all poor and barren. In consequence of this he was accused of having enchanted them; otherwise, said his accusers, he could not have raised such a revenue. Upon this, *Cresin* contented himself with producing his carts, oxen, and the various implements of husbandry, together with his whole equipage of tillage in very good order, and then said to his judges—*Behold the Art, Magic, and Charms of Cresin!* Upon which he instantly received an honourable acquittal.

Mineralogist lur'd by the produce of earth;
To whom I'll subjoin as a subject of mirth,

Having adverted above to the subject of gardening, I cannot refrain from offering the just meed of praise to the departed *Linneus*, so universally honoured for his extensive and useful labours; and although not generally known, I will annex the name of *Cowley*, whose poem contains much original and curious matter; as a specimen of which, the following lines on the virtues of the hazel-rod may not prove unentertaining.

That secret beds of metals can descry,
And point directly where hid treasures lie.
In search of golden mines an *Hazel-wand*,
The wise Diviner takes in his right hand,
In vain, alas! he casts his eyes about
To find the rich and secret mansions out.
Which yet, when near, shall with a force divine,
The top of the suspended wand incline.

Ulysses Aldrovandi, a celebrated philosopher and physician, public reader of logic and botany, the *Sir Hans Sloane* of his day in Italy, was born in the city of Bologna, in 1521. His passion for natural history was so great, that, whilst yet a boy, he

Those Scribes, who by topics of *Magic* are taken,
Astrologers famous, as *Bungy* or *Bacon*; (x)

began to make collections in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, &c.; and notwithstanding his income was slender, he allowed a person (whose pursuits were in a great measure congenial with his own) two hundred ducats a year for the space of thirty years, to make drawings of plants, fruits, &c. The draftsman drew and coloured many of the latter after nature, to a degree of temptation. He made a present, during his life-time, of his library to the Senate of Bologna; which it seems had the sense to appreciate the gift, for they ordered apartments to be erected in the public palace, in which this intellectual treasure was deposited with great ceremony. The taste and penetration evinced by *Aldrovandi* in his favourite study could only be equalled by his astonishing industry; yet, lamentable to relate, with virtues that ought to have ensured the friendship of the good, and learning that might inflame the pride of patronage, he died in great distress in his old days, in an hospital in his native city, on the 10th of May, 1605. Of his writings, which are extremely voluminous, *Cardinal Montalto*, *the Duke of Urbino*, *Franciscus Morea*, and *Pope Clement the VIIIth*, caused several to be printed.

(w) The literary and practical labours of the above gentleman have for a series of years been usefully employed in the

While Writers on *Heraldry* fain wou'd explore
What *Arms* on his *Shield Adam's Father* erst bore. (y)

study of this extraordinary fly, whose proverbial industry has also been considered by the oldest Greek and Roman writers.

We are told by *Pliny*, that one *Aristomachus* devoted fifty-eight years of his life in raising swarms of bees, and cultivating the study of the *apis*; and *Cæsarius Cisterniensis* records a very miraculous tale concerning a swarm of bees, the relation being as follows : he informs us "That the holy eucharist having been dropped in a meadow by a priest, upon his return from visiting a sick person ; a swarm of bees chancing to be hard by took up the blessed host, and transported it in solemn procession to their hive, erecting there an altar for the same of the purest wax ; where it was long afterwards discovered in that situation and quite untouched."

Since the above note was penned, we are given to understand that *Mr. Chambon*, a very experienced physician of Paris, has discovered a simple and easy manner of removing bees into another hive, without the risk of being stung. It consists in having the hive made with a top to open, placing it on a glass furnished with a metallic plate, under which the smoke may be safely introduced ; an empty hive must then be placed over the aperture, when the smoke will force the bees to ascend into it.

Of *Ouseleys*, each brother on Hindoos hath writ,
And ably descanted on language *Shanscrit*.

The mention of *Buffon* is condensing in one word the most capacious delineation of Natural History that has ever yet met the public eye; still, independent of the colossal productions of this writer, we are not without useful authors in our own country, particularly on animals of the English breed, who have very ably combined in their works the *utile* and the *dulce*; witness *Bingley* on quadrupeds and animal biography; together with *Bewick*, and a train of authors that are justly entitled to the plaudits they have acquired. To the above heads the present notes shall annex the names of *Babington* and *Jameson*, whose treatises on mineralogy are among the best which have appeared in this country.

(x) From the æra of James the First, who not only believed most firmly in *Demonology*, but published a volume in support of his opinions, there have appeared numerous writers to uphold the principles as well as followers of these supernatural doctrines; the most conspicuous of whom, as an author of late years, is *Mr. Sibley*, who produced *Majus or the Celestial Intelligencer*, the work being accompanied by engravings to represent the several spirits of whom he has treated. Having named this gentleman, and being desirous not only to instruct but amuse, I will now relate a series of anecdotes appertaining to the marvel-

Each duty Masonic old *Preston* enlarges;
 Ma'am *Lanchester* writes to enhance Fashion's
 charges; (z)

lous and the mysterious, which will, I trust, afford the reader some portion of mental gratification,

Cornelius Agrippa, early in the sixteenth century, rendered himself famous for his deep research into occult philosophy: upon which science he wrote a very elaborate treatise. *Agrippa* had a very favourite dog, which had been tutored to perform many antics at the command of his master; upon which account it was affirmed that the animal was no other than a familiar spirit, which had assumed the canine resemblance in order to attend upon and obey his pleasure. *Butler*, in speaking of *Agrippa* and his dog, thus ludicrously expresses himself:

Agrippa kept a *Stygian Pug*
 I' th' garb and habit of a *Dog*,
 That was his tutor, and the *Cur*
 Read to th' occult *Philosopher*,
 And taught him subtly to maintain
 All other *Sciences* are vain.

The last line refers to a work written by *Agrippa*, and entitled *The Vanity of all Human Sciences*.

The lore of a *Brand* entertainment conveys;
Mad *Fuseli* curses the works of our days,

During the civil wars, Charles the First being once at leisure, a motion was made, by way of diversion, to have recourse to the *Sortes Virgilianæ*; that is, to take a copy of Virgil, and either promiscuously with the finger, or sticking a pin upon a verse, apply the sense of the same to your own destiny. The King chanced to lay his finger upon the latter end of the fourth *Æneid*, which contains *Dido's* curse to *Æneas*.

“ At bello audacis populi vexatus et armis,
Finibus extorris, complexu avolsus Iuli,
Auxilium imploret, videat indigna suorum
Funera; nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquæ
Tradiderit, regno aut optatâ luce fruatur,
Sed cadat ante diem, mediâque inhumatus arenâ!”

This made the sport terminate in vexation, as much as it had originated in merriment; the King read the fate which followed him in too many particulars, as time made manifest. He was *vexed with the conquering arms of his subjects; torn from the prince his son; witnessed the deaths of most of his friends;*

Avouching that genius can never imbue man,
Who feels not inspir'd by a fancy—inhuman. (a)

would gladly have made peace upon hard terms; neither enjoyed his crown nor life long, and was beheaded on a scaffold at his own threshold, and (till recently) not known where buried. Upon Mr. Cowley's being desired to translate these lines, not knowing that the Monarch had so drawn them, he rendered them into English metre, as follows :

“ By a bold people's stubborn arms oppress'd,
Forc'd to forsake the land which he possess'd;
Torn from his dearest son, let him in vain
Beg help, and see his friends unjustly slain;
Let him to base unequal terms submit,
In hopes to save his Crown, yet lose both it
And life at once; untimely let him die,
And on an open stage unburied lie!”

Lord Falkland and others of the King's staunch friends were present at the time; and this anecdote is taken from the first leaf of *Bishop Wilkins's Virgil*, where it is written with his own hand.

Arous'd by a *Walton*, and streamlet's pure flood,
In praises of angling proceeds *Hazlewood* ;

In times past famous *Doctor Dee*
Was dab at this astrology ;
All things past and to come could see.
Then there was *Kelly*, *Jack Adams*,
And *Lilly*, famous at these *flams*.

Dr. Dee and *Edward Kelly* are celebrated for their cabalistical researches. *Jack Adams* was a fortune-teller of two centuries back ; and *Lilly*, living about the same period, was universally reputed for his supposed planetary knowledge. This latter personage was employed by both parties during the civil wars ; and even Charles the First is said to have resorted to him. He gained, however, more from the parliament's party, and the predictions contained in his almanacks produced a wonderful effect on the soldiers and common people. After the decapitation of the king he was consulted respecting his executioner, whom he affirmed to be *Cornet Joyce*. *Lilly* was also author of several works relating to astrology, casting nativities, &c. &c. But, that I may still more enhance the subject of this argument, I will quote a string of characters who had dabbled in the occult sciences. *Tacitus*, though generally deemed superior to superstition, was, nevertheless, a friend to

While service renown'd of the navy of Britain
Sir Warren, great nautical chieftain, hath writ on.

this folly, as appears from the 22d chapter of the 6th book of his *Annals*. *Philip Melancthon*, the great reformer, was a believer in *Judicial Astrology*, and an interpreter of dreams. Cardinals *Richelieu* and *Mazarin* were so superstitious as to employ and pension one *Morin*, an astrologer, who also cast the nativities of those two famous politicians; and, to conclude, *Sir Isaac Newton* once studied astrology. With respect to almanack-making *Moore*, whose spirit may be said to revive with every fresh revolving year; I have only to add, that to possess the *copy right* of his far-famed *annual* prognostics would render the acquisition of *fortune* far beyond the reach of scepticism.

The awful veil of mystery with which the writers concerning the Elixir *Vitæ*, the Philosopher's Stone, the Rosicrucian Fraternity, &c. have contrived to cover their rhapsodies, has probably contributed more than any other circumstance to that respect which the whimsical science of alchymy retains, even to this day. The following anecdote, though proving nothing, has had great weight with amateurs.

In 1687, a stranger, calling himself *Sig. Gualdi*, profited of the known ease and freedom of Venice, to render himself much respected and well received there. He spent his money readily,

A Beresford's flight Human Miseries penn'd,
Where wit and much classical acumen blend.

but was never observed to have connection with any banker : he was perfectly well bred, and remarkable for his sagacity and powers of entertainment in conversation. Enquiries were made respecting his family, and whence he came, but all ended in obscurity. One day a Venetian noble, admiring *Gualdi's* pictures, and fixing his eye on one of them, exclaimed, "How is this, sir? here is a portrait of yourself, drawn by the hand of Titian! yet that artist has been dead 130 years, and you look not to be more than fifty!" "Well, signior," replied the stranger, "there is, I hope, no crime in resembling a portrait drawn by Titian." The noble found that he had been too curious, and withdrew; but, before the next morning's dawn, the stranger, his pictures, goods, and domestics, had quitted Venice.—Related in Dr. Campbell's *Hermippus Redivivus*.

There is a traditionary story in the family of *Cavendish*, that a fortune-teller prognosticated to *Elizabeth of Hardwicke, Countess of Salisbury*, that she would not die so long as she continued to cause buildings to be erected; in consequence of which she expended a great portion of the wealth she had obtained from her three husbands in erecting large seats at *Hardwicke, Chatsworth, Bolsover, Oldcotes, and Worksop*; and, at

As writer he sprang, I confess, a rich mine,
But I trust he will never again dare design ;

length, died during a hard frost, when the workmen could not proceed in their employ.

It is not a little surprising that the learned *Selden* should have stood up in defence of that most ridiculous of all laws, "*The Witch Act.*" His argument, however, is so ingenious that it would tempt one to excuse the absurdity of the endeavour. "The law against witches does not prove that there be any, but it punishes the malice of those people that use such means to take away men's lives. If one should profess, that by turning his hat thrice, and crying 'Buzz,' he could take away a man's life (though, in truth, he could do no such thing), yet this were a just law made by the state, that, whosoever should turn his hat thrice and cry 'Buzz,' with an intention to take away a man's life, shall be put to death."

(y) No science on earth conveys to its votaries a greater degree of enthusiasm than that of *heraldry*. One instance, at least, can be brought unmatched in any other. The passage is taken from a scarce treatise in quarto, entitled, "*The Blazon of Gentry*," (a book recommended by *Peacham* in his "*Complaisant Gentleman*," as a book to be bought at any rate), and

Since plate to Vol. second at once prov'd so poor,
Though scribe, he will ne'er produce *caricature*. (b)

runs thus—" Christ was a gentleman, as to his flesh, by the part of his mother (as I have read), and might, if he had esteemed of the wayne glorye of this worlde, (whereof he often sayde his kingdom was not), have borne coat armour. The apostles, also (as my authour telleth me), were gentlemen of blood, and many of them descended from that worthy conqueror *Judas Machabeus*; but, through the tract of time, and persecution of wars, poverty oppressed the kindred, and they were constrained to servile workes." In the same book we find the exact arms properly blazoned of *Semiramis, Queen of Babylon*.

A sanguine Frenchman had so high an opinion of the pleasures to be enjoyed in the study of heraldry, that he used to lament, as we are informed by *Menage*, the hard case of our forefather *Adam*, who could not possibly amuse himself by investigating that science, nor enter into the pursuit of *genealogy*.

(z) The above gentlemen have not only given incontestable proofs of their great ability in forwarding this branch of knowledge, but also rank most conspicuous for the persevering industry which has marked their useful career. To Messrs.

To *Dibdin* we owe *Bibliomania's* spell,
Of folly thus chiming collector's true knell ;

Thomas and *William Daniel* the public is alike indebted for an insight as to Indian sports, through the medium of pictorial representations ; but it is from the labours of the late *Sir W. Jones* that society is most essentially benefited, whose writings conjoin science and mental penetration which very rarely fall to the lot of mortality. From the pen of *Mr. Preston* the fraternity of Free Masons have derived much wholesome information ; while *Madame Lanchester*, in order to increase the captivating charms of the British fair, has exhausted her inventive fancy by decorating lovely women with every costume that could conduce to enhance the witchery of their personal qualifications.

(a) As the name of *Mr. Brand* has before appeared upon my page, I shall merely note the titles of his productions, which have afforded a considerable share of pleasure and information to the admirers of general literature ; the works in question are called *Vulgar Errors* and *Popular Antiquities*. *Mr. Fuseli* is an artist who mistakes madness for genius, as every rational judge must pronounce upon reference to his productions as a painter. As an author he certainly does not shine ; and the absurdity of his writing against the works of *Galtzius*, and the artist surnamed *POTATOE Sprangius*, on account of his manner

Than whom none so fam'd can my couplets enroll
As *Sir Egerton Brydges*, staunch maniac soul,

of painting the muscles of the human body, is rendered ridiculously glaring when this gentleman himself is always endeavouring to imitate the styles of these two painters. I shall dismiss *Mr. Fuseli* with acquainting the reader, that when he is desirous of committing the terrific to canvass, he always, on the preceding night, eats a supper off pork steaks, nearly raw, that the horror of his dreams, from the effect of indigestion, may enable him to depict scenes which never before met the human eye. Having said so much of the last artist, it may not be amiss to note *Mr. Carey's* strictures on painting, which display this gentleman's complete knowledge of the topic he has handled.

(b) *Mr. Hazlewood* has most agreeably annotated the amusing pages of old *Walton*, which can never be perused but with sensations of delight. *Sir J. Warten's* strictures on the navy of Great Britain are the fruits of his intimate acquaintance with every thing that appertains to the subject which his pages are intended to delineate. *The Miseries of Human Life* are a most pleasing effort of the author, who combines classical taste with a happy vein of irony; it is, however, much to be regretted, that *Mr. Beresford* should have attempted his powers at design which are the very reverse of his literary acquirements.

Who resolv'd cacoethes afar shall be flying,
From the press ev'ry month was old lore multiplying.
A *Douce*, staid collector, on *Fools* hath enlarg'd,
And his task, as a writer, with honour discharg'd. (c)
And *Mavor* continues, with toil unconfined,
Instruction to shed o'er the just opening mind.
Piozzi supports her *Synonymy* still ;
While, among other scribes, who have wielded the
quill,

(c) This volume from the pen of *Mr. Dibdin* is not only made the vehicle of good natured raillery, but contains a fund of wholesome literary information ; it commanded a very extensive sale, and the large paper copies are now extremely valuable. *Sir Egerton Brydges* is one of those determined sticklers for ancient lore, who, not content with such samples as remain, is constantly employed in reprinting, verbatim, the most rare specimens of the typographical art. *Mr. Douce's* volumes on the *fools* and *jesters* of remote periods are highly creditable to his research as a lover of antiquarian literature, while he has, in many instances, afforded very useful illustrations of the text of our inimitable *Shakspeare*.

Ma'am *Serres* condemns all aspirers to pot,
That prate of a *Junius*; since uncle *Wil-mot*
Ranks scribe of each letter, she dares pledge her
word,

As sure as not one came from *King George the*
Third (d).

(d) The volumes of *Mavor* are very numerous, and by no means divested of that utility which they were intended to confer on the rising generation. The work upon *Synonymy*, produced from the pen of *Mrs. Piozzi*, possesses many clever points, and may be classed with the best productions of this nature. As for the disputations respecting the real author of *Junius's* Letters, the public has of late been so inundated with strictures upon the subject, which have afforded no certain clue, that after all that has been said, the mystery remains as inexplicable as ever. I cannot refrain from annexing a ludicrous anecdote to which the above line refers, and is stated to have come from the lips of the noted *Mrs. Clarke*. It is said that during the visit of a certain royal personage to this lady, he requested to know whether or not she had perused *Junius*, adding, that a great mystery hung over the real composer of those elegantly written epistles; *Mrs. C.* in reply stated that she had perused them with delight, but that the author was not known to any one. The great personage then made answer, "You are mistaken, I

Of *Pall-Mall* old *Gardiner*, whose dirt rank'd his
god-o!

Sometimes us'd the press: who as strange as
Monboddo,

That once held opinion, men, erst like the brute,
Had tails, and with all fours proceeded *en route* ;
So he—while determin'd on earth beast to vie,
In room just existed like a pig in a sty.

By *Darwin* allur'd, many scribes prove gallants,
And pay their devoirs to sweet misses, the plants (*e*).

know the writer, and will let you into the secret;" when, with a very grave face, *Mary Anne* was given to understand that the unknown writer of *Junius's Letters* was no other than his own august father; which information the lady was enjoined to keep a dead secret from all the world.

(*e*) The late eccentric *Mr. Gardiner* was by no means divested of a literary talent at retort; his peculiar predilection however for dirt, and consequent hatred of a besom, rendered the result of a visit to his shop rather dangerous. The late *Lord Monboddo*, who cherished many singular notions, has told us in his works, that men originally had tails like monkeys, which

On *Cooking* some court of *Apicius* the muse ; (f)
Sage *Crispins* must publish for dames to make shoes.

forcibly brings to mind *Swift's* honourable representation of the human race under the title of *Yahoos*. *Darwin's* *Loves of the Plants* is pleasingly written, and speaks the writer to have possessed a most inventive and playful genius.

(f) Since the period of *Mrs. Glass*, of culinary renown, many works on cookery have issued from the press to tantalize and satiate the Epicurean palate. With respect to shoemaking, every dame of quality is now acquainted with the bristle, wax end, awl, and the last: that the ladies, however, may form some judgment of the difference in opinion as to this now fashionable employment, I have to request their perusal of the ensuing statement.

A writer on the customs of Spain, as they were but a few years ago, says that parents who had a regard to the respectability of their offspring would as soon bring up their son to the occupation of a *hangman* as apprentice him to the trade of a *shoemaker*. This is amongst the occupations which an old Spaniard calls *dishonest*, and by which he would as effectually pollute his blood, as an Indian would forfeit his cast by eating hog's flesh out of the unclean platter of a Portuguese. To be a *mender* of shoes, or in vulgar phrase a cobbler, is no degradation to a Spaniard's dignity; but to be a *maker* of them in the first

Long strictures on velvet designs gives a *Towne* ;
 While leaving to ages unborn the renown
 Of wond'rous *Mnemonics*, a volume I've seen,
 Which states that our thoughts, when by art render'd
 keen,
 Not only to mem'ry can actions recall,
 But note down what never existed at all :
 Of satirists able but few now are seen,
 Abuse is retail'd for just sarcasm keen ;
 While crowds may be rated of mungrels that bark,
 Who *libel* and *lie*, dastard knaves, in the dark ;
 And fearless with rancour e'er virtue assail, (*g*)
 Nor halt till *chief justice* condemns them to jail.

instance is corrupt and vile, and such an artisan cannot consort or intermarry with the persons that are uncontaminated with any thing but poverty and vermin.

(*g*) *Mr. Towne*, whose name stands recorded as the instructor of *Mary Anne Clarke* in this branch of fashionable education, has absolutely made the press subservient to his purposes, in holding forth a frippery art of this nature as an acquirement of the most essential consequence to ladies of *refined*

Some samples we boast of the ludicrous school,
In *Hamlet Travesty* shines ably a *Poole*. (*h*)
At Parnass the *great* and the *small* wet their whistles,
Enroll'd public scribblers by printing epistles ; (*i*)

education. The short-lived reign of this new system, tending to elongate the memory, is a convincing proof of its inefficacy when put into practice in order to answer any purpose of extensive and real importance. Satire is much easier talked of than really defined ; we have very few writers who comprehend its meaning, since that which is most frequently denominated satire in the present day is little removed from scurrility and abuse, and not unfrequently downright libel.

(*h*) *Hamlet Travesty*, by *Mr. Poole*, is one of the best works of this class now extant in the English language. The *Bombastes Furioso* of *Rhodes* possesses great merit ; and *Syntax's Tour*, from the pen of *Doctor Coombe*, can never fail to repay the reader for an attentive perusal : of this last-mentioned gentleman many other works are before the public, which he scrupulously conceals as being emanations from his prolific talent.

(*i*) Of epistolary writers the late *Lady Mary Wortley Montague* has justly acquired fame for the information her letters contain, and the easy stile of composition in which they are endited. Of Junius it would be needless to offer a word on the score of panegyric. With respect to the posthumous works

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(g) Mr.
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and regions: (2)

... of course that have
... Prince Regent Duke
... for his dignity,
... subject under review.

... literature of an
... because it the

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... Belonging.

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... was on
... Master
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... the

In short, on miscellanies more to enlarge
 Would mole-hill of sense with huge mountains sur-
 charge ;

for My Seport and on the account of Your Gracious Benevall-
 ence Be Pleased to axcept of this smal present from your Ever
 Well-wissher whilst I have Breath.

“ The small Present is Three Pairs of Stockings for Going
 on when Your Sovring Gos out a Hunting I would a have sent
 Your Sovring silk Stockings if that My Son Could Go in serch
 for it, but the press being so hot at this Time that he cannot not
 go for fear of being pressed.

“ if your Sovrin will be Pleased to axcept of this and faveour
 ne with an ansuer of this by the Bearer and lett me kno what
 famely of children your Sovring has I will send Stockings for
 nem for the Winter before Winter Comes on, as also what Sons
 nd what Daughters you might have.”

“ Most Dreed Sovring I am your Most Obedt. & Humble
 ervant Till Death.

Elizeabeth Wilcox.”

Neunsons by Sterling April 2d 1804

“ Please to Derect to Me to the Care of Robert Raunce in
 . Neunsons by Sterling”

The above production does not stand in need of any comment,

Of lumber repellant to plain comprehension,
The field so well fitted for folly's extension ;

but the reader may be gratified in knowing that the illustrious personage so addressed ordered *Elizabeth Wilcox* a remittance of £100, which was paid to her by the Russian minister in London. Unfortunately some interfering literary character took upon himself to correct her second letter to the emperor, thanking him for the money, whereby it was divested of that originality, the loss of which is greatly to be regretted.

(k) Among the voluminous translations that have appeared, the following productions are particularly worthy to be recorded, namely, the lucubrations of *Bernardin de St. Pierre*, *Zimmerman*, and the *Reflections of Sturm*: the *Agathon* of *Wieland* also possesses great merit, to which we may subjoin the effusions of *Mesdames Stael* and *Genlis*, together with *Pigault le Brun*, whose attempts at the ludicrous have never yet failed of procuring him success. Some short time back it was expected that a very elaborate poem, on the subject of *Charlemagne**, would have issued from the British press, concerning a translation of which the diurnal papers regularly teemed. To prove, however, how far such assertions were correct, the writer of the present note subjoins a letter written in reply to one forwarded to *L. Bonaparte* by a gentleman desirous of undertaking the translation, which will sufficiently demonstrate how far any credit is to be placed on the statements made in the London newspapers.

* Since this note was written the work has appeared, accompanied by a translation.

Since each rank is bit with the rage for enditing, (*l*)
As if some *Jennerian virus* for writing

Sir, Thorngrove, near Worcester, Oct. 28, 1811.

Before he had received your letter, M. Lucien Bonaparte was acquainted with your name, and some of your very valuable literary productions; he has not as yet made up his mind about a translation of his poem, the publisher of which will be *M. Miller* of Albemarle-street, and he will be intrusted with the care of any thing belonging to the translation of it, if any is ever made with the author's approbation. It was through the *public papers we heard for the first time* of the proposed translation they have so much, and without our knowledge, spoken of.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed)

L'AB. CHARPENTIER.

As the following anecdotes applying to the subject of translation may not prove uninteresting, I shall attach the same to the present annotation, in the hope that they may afford a portion of amusement to some of my readers.

A *Mr. Thomas Cockman*, who translated a favourite work of *Cicero*, would have done better had he rendered the word "*officia*" duties in lieu of *offices*, as he has done. He further proceeds to illustrate one of *Tully's Maxims*, by the familiar and modern idea of "*clapping a pistol to such a man's breast!*"

Had brought into vogue this disease thro' the nation,
And parliament sanction'd such inoculation :

Yet in spite of this anachronism, and a general meanness prevalent throughout the style, the work has run through several editions; and *Creech*, in his version of *Theocritus*, introduces the names of *Tom*, *Will*, *Dick*, and of one *Wolf*, into the same *Idyll* with *Thynicus*, *Cunisca*, &c. &c.

It is not, however, in England alone that bad translators are upon record: we read of a *French* student who translating from the *New Testament* "*Erat homo qui habebat manum aridam*," "*Il y eut un homme qui avait une mechante haridelle*." "That *mechante haridelle*," said his preceptor, "must serve to transport you from the regions of Latin science." *Manum aridam* means a *withered hand*; but may be translated a *worn out hackney*, which latter construction was put upon it by the student.

Doctor's Commons, Monday, noon.

Dr. Ducarel, with his compliments to *Dr. Birch*, leaves this note to acquaint him with the following anecdote of *Dr. Ward*, which he had yesterday of *Mr. Gawler*, schoolmaster at *Lambeth*, late one of professor *Ward's* pupils; viz. That the said *Dr. Ward* was the author of the dedication, preface, notes at the end, punctuation, &c. &c. in *Pine's Horace*; and that *Pine*, though he had a large subscription to that work, gave *Dr. Ward*,

So humbly entreating the pardon of those
Whose names unrecorded I doom to repose ;

for all his pains, only the mean present of *two copias* thereof.
Mr. Gawler had this information from *Dr. Ward's* own mouth.

Pope Sixtus IV., although he increased the Vatican collection with many valuable MSS., and encouraged the historian *Platina* by making him its librarian, had yet very little taste for learning and science, which the following story will sufficiently testify : *Theodore Gaza*, one of those literati who had fled from the barbarous conquerors of *Constantinople*, presented *Pope Sixtus* a translation of *Cicero's* works into the Greek language ; the Pope, who having been a Cordelier full fifty years, enjoyed more pleasure from the questions of a *Duns Scotus* than the effusions of *Tully*, received the books coldly, cast them carelessly into a corner, and then ordered his chamberlain to give the author a sum by way of remuneration, which scarcely reimbursed him for the money he had expended in purchasing the parchment whereon his work was written. " Fool that I was," exclaimed the Greek in his own tongue, " to think that such an ass had a relish for any other food than thistles !" Luckily for the proverbialist, the good Pope knew nothing of the Greek language.

(1) I shall now wind up my annotations with some specimens of the *puff direct*, which are so common in this land of trade and universal speculation.

Since I feel that with scribes nought on earth can so
grieve 'em,
As thus in a darkness Cimmerian to leave 'em ;

I.

A noted shop for BOOTS and SHOES,
You'll find by Soho Square :—
Perhaps no workman in the Trade
Will parallel their wear.

II.

In substance, texture, solid worth,
With no common art combined ;—
Search Oxford Street from end to end,
Their match I query if you'll find.

III.

I do not deal in common stuff,
Nor live by false deceit ;—
I'd sooner lose my cash than name,
And to be call'd a Cheat !

IV.

In OXFORD STREET, at 4 and 1,
And please to add 9 more,
You there will see a pair of Boots
As ne'er was seen before.

My strain thus I terminate, trusting their fury
To Nick will not hurl me without judge or jury:

V.

The Battle-Boots,—the Stage-Boots,—
And Boots to walk and ride in,—
I strive all others to excel,
There lays my greatest pride in.

VI.

For noble legs, and gentle legs,
And legs of all dimensions,
A single pair will best shew proof
Of S. SMITH's just pretensions.

BLACKING.—A Complete Victory obtained over all Blacking Makers!!!—The brilliant WELLINGTON! which far out-rivals all other that was ever offered to the Public! and there never was such a bright polish given to the world, as that produced by this incomparable Blacking. It is not only water-proof, but also bullet proof.—It has likewise a tendency to brighten the UNDERSTANDINGS of men.

Take Notice.—This choice Recipe was found among other valuable papers at the fall of St. Sebastian, and this wonderful Composition is now offered to the Public, in Pint Bottles 1s. 6d. each; and to the Navy, and Army, Duty Free.—Warranted full to the bung, and to keep in all climates.—To be had only at T. COLE's Repository, No. 14, Broad Street, Portsmouth.

Their praise is my due, not their censure I swear,
By silence the lash of correction I spare ;
Yet brief let me be, since 'tis order'd by fate,
I calmly must welcome the rancour of hate ;
Since rather than pander-like cringe for applause,
I wou'd brave persecution in rectitude's cause :
My motto concise is—" That truth knows no fear,"
While praise earn'd without it is purchas'd too dear.

The Don Cossacks.

When these heroes arrived in town, and were apprised of our liberal subscriptions for the relief of the suffering Russians, their iron countenances were bedewed with tears of gratitude. Observing a number of persons crowding into No. 9, Charing Cross, and being informed that it arose from the eagerness of the public to secure their fortunes in the state lottery, they instantly sent for two tickets, resolving to add their prizes to the above-mentioned subscriptions. When told that every ticket would be drawn a prize on the 6th of May, they exclaimed—Hurrah ! Bish for ever !!

THE END.

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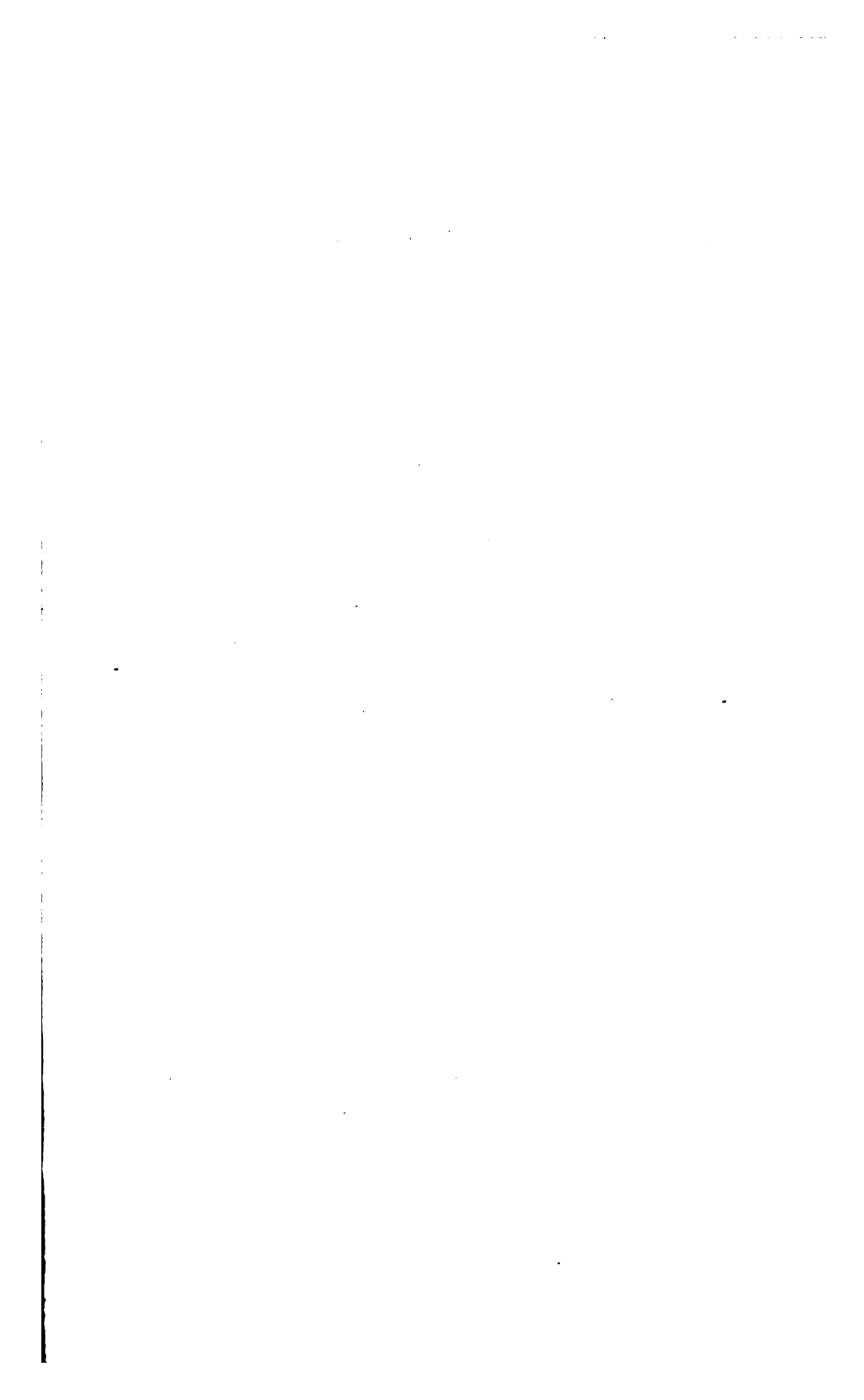
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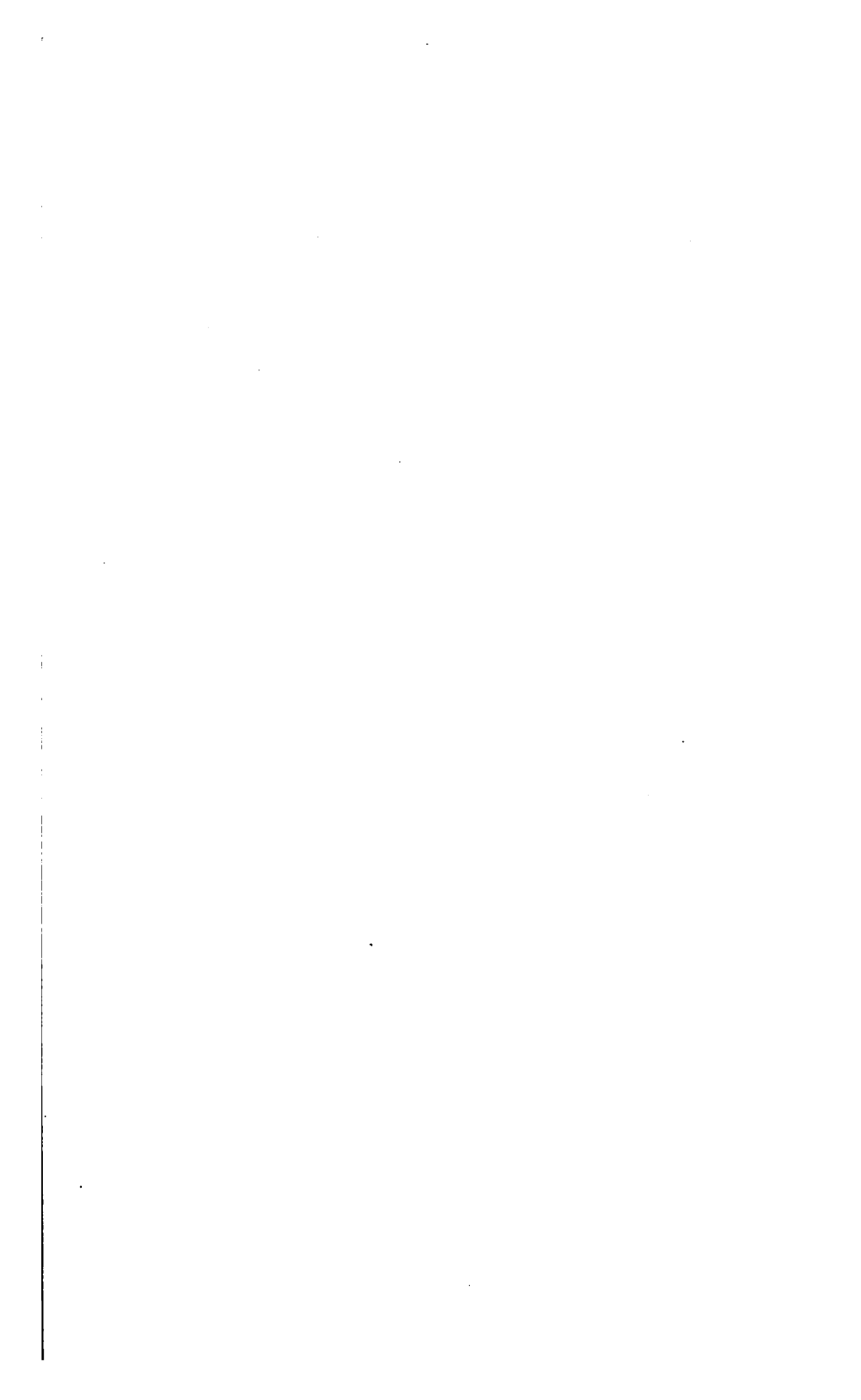
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